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# THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS



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# THE CRESSET



## *IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET:*



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THE CRESSET

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# Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

## In Defense of Politicians

THERE has been a lot of talk about how the televising of the national party conventions will take politics out of the hands of the professional politicians and restore it to the people. The assumption, apparently, is that that is where it belongs and that there would be something intrinsically good about every citizen having his share of influence in the choice of party candidates and in the election of a president.

This prompts us to rise to a point of inquiry. How many of these individuals who, collectively, represent "the people" are willing a) to inform themselves on the issues that confront the nation and its political parties, b) to go out and ring doorbells and take on the other distasteful jobs that are necessary for the election of a candidate, and c) to offer themselves as candidates for public office?

Our point is that if a man wants to read nothing more than the sports pages of his daily paper, that is his business. But let him confine his judgments, then, to baseball or basketball and not take it upon himself, for a week or so every four years, to offer his incompetent advice and counsel to the hard-working professionals who have devoted their lives to the art and science of government.

The convention system has its obvious faults and is in need of fundamental revision. But it is not for the amateur who has just discovered, via television, that a lot of politicking goes on behind the scenes to suggest the remedies. It is his privilege, of course, to

register his distaste for the proceedings. But until he understands the intricacies of parliamentary law and the time-honored procedures by which conventions finally reach their decision, he is hardly entitled to speak any definitive judgment upon them.

This much ought to be remembered: that the nation owes a tremendous debt to the comparatively few men and women who spend their lives directing the activities of political parties and carrying on the policy-making activities of government. These people are politicians, practitioners of the art and science of government. Their allegedly nefarious activities have given the United States the longest uninterrupted period of orderly government that has been enjoyed by any nation except Great Britain. As a group, they constitute a craft with all of the distinguishing remarks of a craft such as a vocabulary, rules, procedures, customs, and an ethical code of their own.

Someone has well said that every man assumes that he is competent to pass judgment upon religion, music, and the policies of his nation. It is our contention that these are among the various things upon which the amateur is least entitled to pass judgment. Judgment is the prerogative of authority. And authority is not a natural right, but an earned right.

## Issues Submerged

THE section which we are about to write now will read very differently from what we had expected to write several months ago. For we had expected that one, or perhaps both, of the parties would run into one of those deadlocks which would produce the sort of compromise nominee that usually comes out of a deadlock. Happily, neither party ran into such a situation. As a result, the American people are in the fortunate position of being unable to elect a poor president in November.

The one thing that we do regret is that, however much the pointers with pride and the viewers with alarm may press their points during the campaign, the simple fact is that the nominees stand for no alternatives in political philosophy. Governor Stevenson might best be described as a Republican Democrat and General (or had we better call him Doctor now?) Eisenhower could be just as accurately described as a Democratic Republican. Perhaps this is not a surprising situation. It is quite apparent that, for the time being, American political thinking has settled itself in dead center, rejecting both the extreme of the right and the extreme of the left, both the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Daily Worker*.

But it is nevertheless true that

the leaders of the Republican party, particularly in the Congress, are more conservative than their nominee while at least a very considerable part of the leadership of the Democratic party is considerably more liberal than their nominee. In other words, the really distinctive differences between the parties would have been more clearly presented for the judgment of the people if it were Taft versus Kefauver than they will be in a contest between Eisenhower and Stevenson.

One reassuring footnote for the traditionalists: both parties followed the time-honored practise of picking their vice-presidential nominees out of a hat. If, a year from now, either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Sparkman should have succeeded to the presidency, we shall at least have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a gentleman hitherto unknown to most of us.

## Woods and Templed Hills

THIS past summer we spent eight weeks lecturing on the conservation of resources and in the process we had occasion again to go through the rather frightening literature that deals with the subject. While it is rather hard to tell how much of an impression one's lecturing makes on a class, we have some reason to feel that we succeeded in getting at least a few of the students concerned about the problem. But as we approached the end of the term, we came to realize more and more that the mere knowledge of the facts of a problem does not guarantee effective action to help solve the problem. And so the question: how are we going to get the American people to do something about the conservation of their resources?

It seems to us that our need is for a deeper and more personal kind of patriotism. Somehow we must lead our people to a real love of this land—the plains and hills and rivers and forests and lakes that are our home as a people. Few men, when all is said and done, will live and die for an abstraction, no matter how noble that abstraction may be. Even democracy has little or no real meaning unless it is related to a place.

And there is our problem. We are a mobile people. Most of us send down few roots, and then only very shallow ones. Few of us live where our grandfathers lived, and even fewer of us expect our children to live where we are living now. And so we behave like tenants on a one-year lease, decent enough perhaps to take reasonable care of the little plot of land that

happens to be presently our home, but quite unconcerned about the role it may play in the lives of whoever happens to come into it after us.

Perhaps the very nature of the civilization which we have built in our country will prevent us as a people from ever developing those strong and sentimental attachments to our town or our county or our region which are so characteristic of the peoples of Europe. In that case, an adequate conservation program will demand law upon law, regulation upon regulation to compel people to do out of fear what they will not do out of love. But laws are a poor substitute for love. Just as there are no rules for a happy marriage, there need be no laws for the conservation of a land which its people love. And just as no number of regulations will create happiness in a loveless marriage, so no number of laws will be able to safeguard the resources of a land that is not loved.

## Women in Politics

IF WE may revert to politics for a few moments again, we would like to say something about women in general with particular reference to the ladies who addressed the party conventions.

The higher critics have ways of getting around some of the unpopular things that St. Paul has to say about women in his epistles, and we on this magazine have read enough about the economic role of women in modern America to realize the danger of agreeing too heartily with Paul's viewpoints, but doggone it, he's right. Objectively, there is no more reason why a woman shouldn't be President of the United States than there is for a man's not wearing a rose in his hair. Women are as intelligent as men, as shrewd as men, physically stronger than men, and perhaps emotionally more stable than men. But at the risk of laboring what is to some of us a delightfully obvious fact, women are not men.

Off in the distance we hear wrathful mutterings from the ranks of the militant feminists but we continue nevertheless. We heard Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Mesta and Mrs. Roosevelt up on the platform of the convention and we have to report that only Mrs. Roosevelt impressed us favorably. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Mesta, it seemed to us, were about equally angry at the Republicans and at biology. "Why can't we have a woman vice-president?" they wanted to know and there were at least tacit warnings that they didn't want the answer out of a biology textbook or a psy-

chology textbook. But the answers are there, and not all of them written by men, either. For a surprising number of women agree with St. Paul that whatever authority women exercise over men is *usurped.* Even the Chinese, for whose social attitudes St. Paul certainly can not be blamed, recognize a male principle and a female principle in the universe and recognize that although the two spheres of activity overlap, they most certainly do not coincide.

And let us have no nonsense about how the relation between the sexes in western and oriental culture is simply a matter of custom. We know that there are primitive tribes in which the role of the sexes is reversed. But if we start taking too many cues from the primitives, we shall end up practising cannibalism and sticking pins into rag dolls. Or perhaps even nominating India Edwards for the vice-presidency.

## Specious Argument

WE HAVE here a pamphlet demanding that we speak out for a strictly literal interpretation of the Scriptures from Genesis 1 through Revelation 22, and warning us that if the literal accuracy of a single word of Scripture can be challenged, the whole of Scripture loses its authority.

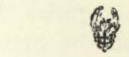
Now we make no pretense to being a theological journal, but we have seen this particular specious argument often enough by now that we are sick of it and we think it is time that it was answered. Before we go into the answer itself, we should say that the frame of reference within which we operate is that of traditional orthodox Christianity which has always accepted the inspiration of the Scriptures as a matter of faith and the inerrancy of Scriptures as a matter of fact.

But let us, for the sake of argument, concede every criticism that has been directed against the Scriptures by their critics. Let us concede that the Scriptures are full of historical inaccuracies, mythological characters and events, interpolations by unknown writers, and mere census records. If these criticisms are accepted as valid, do they invalidate the Scriptures?

To get at the answer, let us take the problem out of the emotionally supercharged area of religion and set up a similar situation in medicine. Let us suppose that through some two thousand years the best physicians and surgeons of their day had set down what they knew about medicine. Now let us suppose that a lot of this "knowledge" was inaccurate and

some of it pure bunk, but that every single word it has to say on malignancies—their nature, their origin, and their cure—was absolutely true, as attested by the universal experience of every person who had submitted, for thousands of years, to its diagnoses and prescriptions. The question is: would its many inaccuracies prevent its acceptance by the American Medical Association as the definitive work on the diagnosis and treatment of cancer? Obviously not.

Lest we be misunderstood, let us repeat that we are not for even a moment conceding that the Scriptures are anything less than wholly true. Our point is that even if there were historical errors or geological inaccuracies in the Scriptures, these would not constitute valid grounds for rejecting the essential teaching of the Scriptures. The question around which the only proper argument concerning the validity of the Scriptures revolves is whether they actually are able to make men wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. And the answer to that question does not lie in the realm of literary criticism or abstract logic; it lies in the universal experience of men and women who were concerned with finding salvation for their souls. In the Scriptures they have looked upon Him Who was pierced and have been healed. Those who have sought the remedy anywhere else have failed to find it. That is the Church's argument for the validity of the Scriptures and that argument has not yet been successfully countered.



## Washington Notes

WE ARE just back from a fairly hectic week in Washington where the International Geographic Congress met for a week of intensive discussion of the state of the world. Our readers will be pleased to know that we found the geographers earnest, intense, and fairly brimming with new information on geomorphology, climatology, and the various other ologies associated with their trade. Unfortunately here, as in every other area, the evidences of a divided world were all too obvious. The Communist lands, evidently, felt that it would be impossible for East and West to agree even on such an altogether unpolitical thing as the geomorphology of the periglacial areas of Europe.

Of more immediate interest to us in our editorial capacity, however, was the weekly press conference of the President. We attended the conference and then read the newspaper reports of it, and, frankly, we were somewhat disturbed. Radio and the wire

services seemed to have done a good, objective job of reporting it, as did several of the newspapers we read. But in the cases of at least three large-circulation newspapers, we would have to say that the reporting was not only inaccurate but distorted. It is true that the President's replies to questions were reported correctly. But there were invidious comments on the President's disposition and misplaced emphases and unwarranted interpretations on some of his remarks.

We mention this because, to a very considerable extent, any president is at the mercy of the press. The people have a right to know what their president is doing and thinking and it is through the press that they find out. From observation over more than a decade now, we believe that the press generally is doing a good and honest job of reporting. But it is unfortunate that some papers, with very large circulations, allow their editorial stand to color the reporting of news. It is unfortunate also that there are papers and radio commentators who apparently feel that distortion of the news is justifiable if it makes the news more sensational. Again it must be pointed out that, despite a statement to the contrary in one of the widely-used journalism texts, news is not merely a commodity to be sold. Freedom of the press necessarily presupposes responsibility of the press. Neither can exist very long without the other.

## Literate Politician

THE numerous virtues of (Gen.) (Dr.) (Mr.) Eisenhower have been often and deservedly celebrated and, if we now focus an admiring glance upon an aspect of Governor Stevenson's personality, it is because we find the Governor also an admirable person although we are making no commitments to either of the two candidates.

What we, as writers, admire about the Governor is his command of the language. Undoubtedly many a tied tongue conceals a warm heart and a keen intellect. But when warmth of heart and keenness of intellect are combined with felicitous expression, you have a public man of the first order. Governor Stevenson's public pronouncements have been distinguished by sensitivity to the nuances of expression and by a refreshing touch of urbane humor. In choosing thus to speak to his fellow-countryman as a gentleman addressing ladies and gentlemen, he has paid them a compliment which is the more welcome because he is quite obviously innocent of the snobbishness that un-

derlies the assumption that "the masses" can not take correct English or intelligent humor.

This is not to say, of course, that Governor Stevenson would make a great president. (In the opinion of quite a few capable critics, the state papers of Andrew Johnson stand in the first rank of presidential writings.) But surely it would be good to have a president who so nearly typifies the upper middle class American at his best and who is capable of giving expression to the thinking and attitudes of his kind.

## End of the Fat Boy

THE world smells a bit less since General Naguib sent Farouk the Fat packing from Egypt. The only possible criticism that could be made of the action is that it was so long delayed.

It was interesting to note Farouk's reaction to his dethronement. Almost every newspaper account of it repeated the story of how Farouk is supposed to have said that before long there will be only five kings left in the world—the king of England and the kings of hearts, clubs, diamonds, and spades. This is the old familiar thing. Fat Boy was in a position which could have given him a secure and honored place in world history. But he was unworthy of his opportunity and unfaithful to his destiny. So when he gets bounced, he puts the blame on the institution, the monarchy, rather than where it belongs, on himself.

With this sorry mess removed from its political landscape, Egypt has a chance now to realize its potentialities. Seriously limited by its geography, Egypt has nevertheless produced tremendous wealth through five thousand years of intensive human occupance. The misery and degradation of the people has not been due primarily to the poverty of the land but to the greed and stupidity of leaders who mined the natural and human resources for their own selfish purposes. A more equitable distribution of Egypt's wealth, while it might not wipe out poverty, would certainly reduce the misery which has been the lot of the fellahin through the centuries while their masters have been traipsing about the world looking for new excitements to restore their surfeited appetites.

# Rural Church, U.S.A.

*By* ROBERT L. BACHMAN

Modern technology has made the horse and buggy all but extinct. Is it doing the same thing to our rural church today?

THE deserted church building along the countryside has been noted by every traveler—with its lingering remnants of the white paint of an earlier age . . . a broken windowpane stuffed with an old rag . . . the roof dotted with broken shingles. While the advent of our Savior had turned a stable into a church, the rural church now dedicated to His worship is turned into a stable. What is happening to the rural church?

All American rural life, as it has been known, is fast disappearing from the scene. The open-country church, as well as the one-roomed little red schoolhouse, is becoming less and less a part of rural Americana. During frontier days, rural America had solved its church problem by the use of the circuit rider of the Methodist church and the lay-preacher of the Baptist. The circuit riders, such as Peter Cartwright, rode a "circuit," pastoring many churches at one time, but not staying at any one very long. The Baptist lay-preacher on the other hand, ministered to just the local group, for he was usually a farmer or a blacksmith during the week. As the country became more settled, each denomination built its own church around the village square or in the open country. Sometimes there seemed to be almost as many churches as there were people. Then many small towns stopped their growing spurt. The farmers bought machinery and the hired hands looked elsewhere for employment. The sons went to the city to get a job. Where the fathers had attended the little red schoolhouse, their children now take a bus to the consolidated school in the nearby town. The city church became as handy as the family car. . . .

The automobile and the telephone have sounded the death toll for many of our rural schools, rural churches, the general store and many other institutions that rural America possessed but a

short time ago. But life is not a movie camera—we cannot run it backwards to put things back into their original places. There are some religious people who eschew all inventions of the last century or so—this is their solution to avoid the problems attending material progress. One group even excommunicated a member from church for taking his daughter to the distant city doctor in an automobile. But few of us will agree with this solution. We cannot unscramble the egg—automobiles, television and whatall are here to stay—for material progress is never willingly surrendered.

As well as closed church doors, the success of the many missionary groups catering to our rural youth is tacit recognition that the evangelical church has failed in rural America. "A study of attendance in sample rural areas throughout the country reveals a falling off of more than one fifth in rural church attendance from 1930 to 1936, a decline three times more rapid than from 1926 to 1930."[1] And even membership is not a sure gauge of Christianity. Church membership rolls for the country as a whole are at an all time high today, but witness their universal lethargy in proclaiming the saving grace of Christ!

What happens to the rural church has significance for us all —both rural and urban. For we must realize that the most important single crop grown on our farms is not the millions of bushels of corn or wheat harvested or the bales of cotton produced. The most important crop grown on our farms is *children*. When asked what would grow on the poor soil between the stumps on a cut-over region of our country, the farmer's simple reply was "boys." We are told that about 52% of these country-born children eventually migrate to the cities. Even in some cases "studies have shown that as many as 60 per cent of all urban householders were rural-reared people."[2] And "most of the churches of twelve major denominations, enrolling over 40,000,000 members, are located in rural areas."[3] Five of these twelve denominations reported that more than half of their members lived in rural areas. These were the Church of the Brethren, South Baptist Convention, the Methodist, American Lutheran Conference, and the Negro Baptist—and it should be realized that only forty per cent of the people of the United States live in incorporated areas of less than 2,500,

[1]Brunner and Lorge, *Rural Trends in Depression Years,* pp. 302-304.

[2]Howard Beers and Catherine Heflin, *Rural People in the City,* Bulletin 478, University of Kentucky Agr. Exp. Sta., 1945, p. 48.

[3]D. E. Lindstrom, *American Rural Life,* pp. 231-233.

which is the Census Bureau's definition of "rural." So in spite of the many closed churches, the rural church has survived, although in a crippled state.

The causes for the decline of the rural church are many. The rural population itself has declined. Twenty years ago it took an average of thirteen hours of labor to grow an acre of corn; today it requires but six and a half hours, and the farmer gets an additional twenty bushels of corn from each acre. Tenancy has increased, and tenants don't attend church as often as farm owners. Recognizing this, some church groups have actually bought land for their members to settle upon.

Duplication of church effort has divided evangelical strength. The Church in England is now reaping the results of its overbuilding programs of previous generations. The small groups that are now attending the huge buildings are impoverishing themselves by attempting to keep up the large edifices. So we too in America are impoverishing ourselves by insisting that each of our denominations and sects be recognized by at least one church building in every small community. That may have been a good philosophy for the frontier conditions of the past, but with the closing of the land frontier, different conditions have arisen as our nation has matured.

And too, this segmentation wastes resources. Inadequate leadership and inadequate finances have helped to cripple the rural church. Church schools seldom provide the adequate background that the country church needs. The rural church is not to be considered an urban church on a smaller scale any more than a child is to be considered a miniature adult. Nor should the rural pastorate be used as a training ground for larger urban charges, as is too often the case. The lack of cooperation between evangelical churches has also helped in its decline. The urban Bible-believing church has ignored its country brother, and the evangelical country churches have ignored each other—each pulling its own individual way, often canceling out most of the other's work.

The increase of secular groups has made serious inroads in the ranks of church members. In the early days of our country, the church was the center of the community. It served as the town meeting house, fort, bulletin board, and social center as well as a center of worship. Today there is no longer even a "nooning place" where we can gather after the morning service to eat and have fellowship like the early New England church enjoyed. All such things are now divorced from the church. Of course it is obvious

that the church cannot return to its earlier position, but its present peripheral position is also highly untenable.

The grass roots of conservatism found in all rural people has given some defense against Modernism in the countryside. But all that one dares to state with any authority, is that it seems to be just a respite. As the old guard dies out, the new generation which has been fed on Liberalism takes over. That "God made the country and man made the town" was doubtlessly true when it was stated by an 18th century poet, but today man is trying his hand at rearranging nature in the country as well as the city. Yes, many churches have failed because they have not kept the faith—but others have failed because they have kept the faith *to themselves.* It is the latter that we will be discussing. For it is not enough to be good—one must be good for something.

The path of the country church crosses the conservation east forty. The conservation not only of natural resources and the soil, but of human effort as well. There is much duplication of effort in our rural churches and this wastes evangelical manpower. Closed church doors have often been cited as the proof of a declining religious consciousness, but many others should still close their doors. "The competition between struggling churches of different denominations, and not infrequently of the same denomination, is a scandal. The perpetuation of parish isolation and the divisive influence such cleavage injects into the moral and spiritual foundations of communal living is an ugly blight from yesteryears."[4] In many areas there is this duplication while in others there is still no one to preach the tidings of the Good News. Some struggling evangelical churches in over-churched areas should release their pastors to aid in the under-churched parts of our nation.

But we must quickly add that there are great differences in churches. Way back in the upcountry where the height of land separates the watersheds, there is only a narrow space between the rivers that reach the seas so far apart. The differences between denominations is readily perceivable, but there is a still greater difference actually *within* most denominations themselves. This is the vast gap between the position of the liberals and our position—we who hold to the authority of the revealed Word of God. No Bible-believing Christian can advocate union at any cost just for greater attendance, authority or activity . . . but if we but obtain some cooperation between *evangelicals,*

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[4]J. Quinter Miller.

we will have recovered much ground.

To help conserve church effort, some denominations are developing "larger parishes," in which usually eight or ten churches over a larger territory cooperate in developing programs. This is similar to the "community unit plan" now becoming so popular in rural school districts. The Maine Baptist State Convention has one called the "Waldo Larger Parish" which extends over a large area between two of Maine's great rivers. It was begun in 1942 and is now led by Rev. Harold Nutter. The *Sunday School Times* in describing it, states that "nearly forty communities were included in the early program, and since then there has been steady expansion. Closed churches have been reopened, monthly parish meetings of workers held, Vacation Bible Schools instituted. It is work of high missionary order and many are saved."[5] The minimum program of the rural church should include a church school, a Vacation Bible school, worship and prayer services, weekday church school, as well as a wholesome opportunity for a balanced social life. Banding together, many more small churches can provide such a program.

Another way in which the rural church can be helped is for the urban church to help its country brother-church financially. Since many of the rural children migrate to the city, the urban church receives many members without having to educate them. It would be interesting to have a poll taken in our urban evangelical churches to see just how many are from rural backgrounds. This uneven distribution of wealth and need is recognized in our public school system, and Federal aid to education is the way that some would solve the public school tax problem. But churches are a different matter. The denominations should be able to take care of their own. The more independent churches, not connected with any denomination, could "adopt" a country church of like faith to be assisted even as one Chicago church has underwritten the salary of one couple who are reopening a rural Oklahoma church.

Our Christian educational institutions can greatly help the rural church by stressing the value of the rural church to prospective church leaders. One of the most serious weaknesses of the independent, unorganized rural church is its lack of enlightened leadership. Courses should also be provided for training alert church workers for rural areas as a career —not as a stepping stone to larger urban churches.

[5] *The Sunday School Times*, p. 410 (May 13, 1950).

The church should keep on good terms with the community. The early New England divine, Cotton Mather, described the Christian life as "A man in a rowboat with two oars." He went on to explain that one oar represented the "heavenly calling" or religious side of his life, and the other oar the worldly calling. Even though we are merely pilgrims here, we do owe some allegiance to this world. We acknowledge this allegiance in time of war by sending our church boys to fight. We have just as strong a responsibility to our local community, even if it does require less sacrifice. Go on record as backing the community activities that are wholesome and worthwhile. The tax-free plot of land that the church is built on isn't a bit of transplanted Heaven, it is to be just a guidepost to that place. Christians have to eat, sleep, and work during the week like most people—they *are* a part of the community. The church has both benefits and responsibilities as a part of the community, even though some of us Christians seem happier with the oratory of opposition than with burdens of responsibility. Only thus can we keep our dreams untarnished by contact with reality.

With the halving of labor required to grow a bushel of produce, the farmer has done one of three things: 1. He buys twice as much land, 2. he spends this free time at the corner tavern or with the one-armed bandit, or 3. he joins special interest groups such as adult education classes, clubs, or church groups. Many groups are vying for this new free time of the farmer. The church has to face this problem squarely and present a very worthwhile program to win over the commercial recreation and other things so attractive to the natural man. The church cannot win this battle by default. The church has said "no" to many ways of making a living (such as raising tobacco) and types of recreation, but has provided little in positive "acceptable" substitutes. We should read the handwriting on the wall before the wall caves in on us.

Perhaps the most important single point to be stressed is the fact that it is the number in the church who *participate* that is important, not just the number who *attend*. The church is not so much in need of larger passive audiences as it is of doers of the Word and not hearers only. While we hear a lot about the average, the mean, and other statistical matters, just being "average" or "the mean" does not suffice. Notice the parable of the Ninety and Nine where the Shepherd leaves the group for the individual. In the rural scene, primary (face-to-face) relationships

are the rule. And if nowhere else, the rural community and church members must be treated as individuals, each with their individual problems and possibilities.

You cannot gear your church program to that of another church situation. So don't be just a carbon copy—make your own impressions. Weekend missionary and Bible conferences to enable workers to attend, your Daily Vacation Bible School session at a time other than the peak of the harvest season (even if the large city churches do hold theirs at that time)! Your church building plans may be very different than that of another church. Good! Build your classrooms first if you consider them more important than the auditorium (you probably can rent the township hall or the high school auditorium for those special meetings). Recognize the fact that Bible study and prayer meetings strengthen for activity, but that they in themselves are not activity. Extend your service to the community. Make your church such that John Bunyan could say of today's rural church too that "men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and in this place have found the words of life!"

My books are not merely works of literature (from this point of view they may well possess only very transitory importance); it is as moral revelations, as testimony to human dignity guarded with uncompromising seriousness, that they have a value which, in the wretchedly frivolous state of our literature, may well out-live their literary significance. In this sense, they are corrective for the times.

ADALBERT STIFTER,
quoted in *Adalbert Stifter und unsere Zeit* by Wilhelm Hausenstein (Munich: Karl Alber).

# Protestantism and Psychology

*By* FREDERICK KURTH

AS THE science of psychology becomes more adequate," Aldous Huxley writes regarding Christianity, "a better technique of teaching men how to love one another may be discovered." Occupying the unfortunate position of the minority group, Christianity does not have the benefit of mass and number to point up its validity. It has either to glory in its restrictedness or to dismiss proofs as incompatible with faith.

One need only ask an intelligent adolescent, struggling with the first delicious pangs of *Weltschmerz,* to hear of the unsaved hordes of China. And India. And the Arctic. And Addis Ababa. This is simply the expected manifestation of statistical pessimism which plagues most minority groups when they aren't being proud of their fewness. In a religion that is intended for the world and finds itself devastatingly in the minority, it is quite reasonable to expect such a group, especially, to find numbers and totals distressing.

But it's a curious thing. This matter of Christianity began in the full awareness that only a few would be chosen. By its very nature, it accepted a minority position. Now as the course of history unfolded, the human need for organization and compartmentalization exerted itself also on this new religion, and it wasn't long before Christianity boasted an organizational structure that dominated the world. This fact not only attests to the inherent virility of the new religion, but also to the fact that even the Gospel, apparently, has to use the props and stays of the human creature. And this is to be expected. After all, the Incarnation is the translation of the God-head into human terms.

But here the difficulty arises. Christianity speaks in terms of universals—all peoples, all nations. At the same time, it is mediated

through organizations. And organizations thrive on statistics. If it's the country-club organization, it prides itself on few numbers; if the Democratic party organization, it quotes the Gallup poll. In the case of the Christian organization, globally committed, it sooner or later has to make its numerical show of hands. Inevitably budding adolescents are jarred into statistical pessimism, while the older who have the courage to realistically look at the numbers, sense the same syndrome within themselves but have the good sense to keep quiet about it.

The church bulletins in December state: weddings, 12; burials, 6; confirmed, 14; baptisms, 17. The mission bulletins from a land of 100 million pagans state: 43 souls won in the last nine months. Now, quantitively and statistically and numerically, one asks with the child at the parade who can't see, "What's all the noise for?" Certainly one isn't shocked at the statistical pessimism of a Huxley.

Fundamentally, the situation is quite impossible. Only the mystic or the simple would deny the necessity for organization, yet at the same time, one can't judge the effectiveness of Christianity by the effectiveness of its organizations. But the churches, being more conscious of their organic rather than their spiritual dimensions, have attempted to overcome the paradox by denying its existence. In other words, the churches attempt to operate like any other organization, namely statistically. And the results are disastrous.

In attempting to base their strength on their organization, the churches have only plagued themselves with what may be called quasi-ecclesiasticism. Not that there's anything wrong with churches sponsoring the Cub Scouts and the Boy Scouts, and having Men's Clubs and Sewing Circles and Frauenverein, and finance committees and ways-and-means committees and boards of all shapes and variety. But it's a different matter to confuse these with Christianity. Unquestionably it's a fine thing that 82 people turn out for the Men's Club Ice-Cream Social, and that the Martha Society is sewing a record number of quilts. And Young People's societies should have skating parties, though television has solved all sorts of problems along that line. Yet simply prefacing the meetings of these church organizations with a cursory prayer, or ending them with "God be with you till we meet again" doesn't make them Christian. It is fine that Christians are given an opportunity for fellowship. But these organizations with their pot-luck dinners and social evenings and Halloween parties are not an attestation to the Christian faith.

They clearly evidence that man is a gregarious and social animal, but they are not testimonies to a religious experience.

Quasi-ecclesiasticism is understandably popular. With many organizations, it's easier to write bigger and more interesting church bulletins. Further, with rosters and treasuries and committees and tentative projects there are all sorts of facts to grasp hold of, sharply delimited geographical hooks on which to hang religious intangibles. There are numbers and bills and accounts and cash. There are statistics. You don't think the church is moving ahead? Here, look at these figures!

The intriguing thing is that with statistics one can prove most anything. As regards church statistics, one need only restrict one's view, and the totals can be wonderfully impressive and assuring. The trick is to consider the numbers or figures as souls, each of which is qualitative, quite ignoring the fact that statistics are based on a quantitive, not qualitative, measurement. This is a necessary dishonesty, for if one views church statistics consistently, *i.e.,* consistently quantitatively, then statistical pessimism is inevitable.

As a matter of fact, quasi-ecclesiasticism is indicative of a very profound and far-reaching difficulty. Expressed philosophically, it is the old problem of relating the finite to the infinite; expressed religiously, it is the problem of relating the human to the divine. Despite the divine reduction to geographical dimensions, there is still an enormous leap necessary to get from the world of the flesh to the world of the spirit. In fact, Christian warfare is the unending building and rebuilding of a nexus between these two disparate and yet somehow allied worlds.

Within the Christian context, there have been two solutions proposed for solving this problem, the bridging of the human and the divine. These are the Catholic and the Protestant. It must be understood at the outset that the matter is being considered from the psychological viewpoint, not the theological; any cries of Pelagianism are hardly pertinent to the present discussion.

The Catholic church, unquestionably, is marvelously appealing. History fully testifies to this fact. Now exactly where does the strength of the Catholic church lie? Why is this church the most effective of all Christian organizations? One may criticize it for its intolerance, for its lotteries, for its worldliness, for its freedom-abolishing imperatives, even for its ability to portray its priests as either non-musical Bing Crosbys, or, alternately, images of St. Francis. But it is here precisely that the strength of this church lies. It

may at times be greedy and sordid and corrupt and intolerant. But always it is there—with its vision, though a limited one, and with its undeniable tangibleness. Added to these is the fact that in eliminating freedom, the Catholic church eliminates the necessity for thinking.

As the educators of today are discovering who have the unhappy chore of educating great masses unfit for education, for most people freedom is a burden. For freedom entails thinking, and thinking, in terms of concepts and ideas, is all but an impossibility.

The key-note of Protestantism is freedom, the right of each man to approach his God alone, to arrive at his own convictions with no guide other than the Word and his own conscience. As every school-boy knows, the very word Protestantism signified the protesting of the reformers against the binding imperatives of the Catholic organization. And if one protests a system or method seriously, at the same time one attests to another system or method. The Protestants attested to freedom and the right to believe as they chose, the right to believe as individuals as each chooses.

This Protestant emphasis on freedom initiated a long concatenation of far-reaching consequences. Among other things, it was the foundation for the Renaissance so that, in effect, the enormous changes and upheavals which occurred within the realm of the secular since the 14th and 15th centuries stemmed from a realignment of religious thinking. The entire experiment of democracy could only have been initiated and realized within a Protestant context, wherein individual worth and individual freedom are fundamental.

And man, having received a new charter of freedom from the Reformation, went inevitably through the age of Orthodoxy to the age of the Enlightenment. Having secured the right to think freely on religious matters, the next step in logical progression is the right not to think on religious matters at all. Or more accurately, not to think freely on religion, but to make a religion of free thinking. And the Age of Reason follows in accountable sequence from the Reformation.

To view the matter in a dangerously generalized fashion, both the Catholic hierarchy and the Age of Reason (which is a Protestant derivative, or more exactly, a perversion of Protestantism) are but variations on the same theme: the making of graven images. In the Catholic organization, the church becomes confused with its Head, and in the Enlightenment, the mind becomes confused with its Creator.

What is the sequel to the age of the Enlightenment? After all, it is hardly heretical any longer to assert that man is not essentially rational. Whatever he may be, it's quite apparent he isn't reasonable. This has now the corroboration of a whole new science. In the Freudian definition, man is basically non-rational. This being the case, the Age of Reason should have sputtered to an insignificant end once its intellectual prophets had passed from the scenes. But here history took a strange twist. While Romanticism fretted and strutted its hour on the world's stage (the world of Western Civilization), the seeds from the Enlightenment dropped into the dark corners of the earth, and in the ferment of the world's unrest again emerged in the 20th century. But this time as an organization, and that makes all the difference. Reason emerged as an organization with a name and a shape and a massiveness and a vision. Whittaker Chambers writes, "The communist vision is the vision of Man without God. It is the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world. It is the vision of man's liberated mind, by the sole force of its rational intelligence, redirecting man's destiny and reorganizing man's life and the world . . . the Communist Party . . , has posed in practical form the most revolutionary question in history: God or Man?"

What concerns us here is not Communism, which is actually the Age of Reason brought to one logical termination with the benefit of an organization, nor the historical development of Communism and the partial subsequent decline of religious Protestantism, but rather the disturbing parallel between the beginning of Christianity and the erection of the Catholic hierarchy and the beginning of Protestantism and the eventual evolution of the Age of Reason and its present final organization.

Both early Christianity and the religion of the Reformation (supposedly one and the same thing) key-noted freedom and the integrity of the individual. And yet both served as precursors to the two most massive organizations since the beginning of time, with the possible exception of the Roman Empire. In both these organizations, freedom and individuality are quite inimical and intolerable.

Early Christianity and Protestantism were both experiments in freedom, and in each instance, not freedom was achieved, but bondage to organization. It would appear that freedom, rather than something devoutly to be wished, is a concept beyond realization

within human terms. So that even for the intellectual, "wearied and worried by the privilege of freedom," subscription to Catholicism or Communism is in the nature of a relief.

We must thus consider the profoundly disturbing question, Is Protestantism, sired in freedom, psychologically possible? In other words, is it possible for men to orient themselves solely about an axis of faith-intangibles, to remain in an orbit about this axis centripetally held by faith alone? It's the old problem: Can the temporal live in consistent awareness of the Eternal, experientially?

There seems to be no escaping the need for organization. It manifests itself in the quasi-ecclesiasticism of the Protestant churches. It forms the basis for Catholicism and Communism. As regards Catholicism, one might criticize the church for any number of reasons. For instance, from the Protestant viewpoint, the Catholic church errs in making attendance at Mass compulsory. This violates the freedom of the individual. Further, it is ultimately premised on justification by works, a doctrine which Philip Watson, interpreting Luther, has so effectively shown does not let God be God. And it also implies mediation through the church. But all these objections notwithstanding, one very real result of this Catholic imperative is that its members are in Mass on Sundays. So that the Catholic boy racing against time to Indiana from Florida stops in St. Augustine to attend early Mass, while his Protestant fellows get do-nuts and coffee. In the Communist organization, the workers do risk everything, and they do work with fanatic zeal. Regardless of any objection to the organization, its impact on the lives of its members and its ability of inspiring loyalty are thoroughly astounding. And thoroughly disturbing. Obviously organizations are psychologically sound and can be unbelievably effective.

In John Steinbeck's very beautiful book, the *Grapes of Wrath,* Tom Joad says, "I never could keep Scripture straight sence I read a book name' The Winning of Barbary Worth." And his Ma replies, "Your Pa's pa, he quoted Scripture all the time. He got it all roiled up, too. It was the Dr. Miles' Almanac he got mixed up."

In that dialogue lies the confusion of Protestantism, its bitter wrestle with its freedom, its multiplication and diversities of sects and organizations. In the light of Tom and Ma Joad, it is rather understandable how the ideals of Protestantism were twisted, at one point of history, into the medieval church, and at a later period of history into the Age of Reason and subsequently, into the su-

preme idolatrous affirmation of man in the form of Communism. At the same time, historical perspective on our part does not obviate the responsibility of those who shaped and destined the particular history being considered. It is not a non-sequitur from the early church to the medieval church and from the Reformation to the Enlightenment. A little leaven leaveneth the whole loaf. And if the bread fails to rise, it is the fault of the leaven, not because of what it did, but because of what it didn't do, other factors being equal. We have cause for anxiety.

Undeniably the Protestant position is a precarious and difficult one. And literally and figuratively worlds removed from Rome. The Catholic fellow has his church, with its organization and its history and its traditions and its authorities. If he has doubts, as he will, he can turn to his church and lean on its earthy solidness. If he needs further assistance, he need only consider that there are well over 200 Protestant organizations. And he has his imperatives. He has his Masses to attend, his confessions to make, his Rosary and breviary to concern himself with. These are real and immediate and accessible. The Protestant fellow is not that fortunate. If he has doubts, as he will, he must cling to his faith. And his faith is precisely what he doubts.

The Protestant has a further difficulty. Martin Luther said that in particularly aware moments, he could not bear to look at his sins for more than a few moments. Pascal, tottering on the thin man-wall from which fall off precipitously the microcosm and the macrocosm, considered the infinite alternatives and was overwhelmed. But these men were unusual. They were extraordinarily aware of the spiritual dimensions which are potential for the heart of man. In short, they were saints, saints in the sense that their lives were perpetual struggles with the awareness of God. But saints are unusual. Even as painters and musicians and poets and geniuses of physics are unusual. The very great majority of people live the very great majority of their time apart from God-awareness. To call this Original Sin is simply to give a name to the phenomenon that people have the ability to live within the content of the present and the immediate exclusively. This applies for everyone, but the Catholic has the advantage that though he may forget God, he can't forget his church. And putting the best construction on the matter, through his church he is pushed to the brink of the Eternal. Or are we to be such arrogant Protestants as to deny that in the marvelous texture of the Mass

there is not precipitated a God-awareness?

So we have the fact that the most successful church organization has been the Catholic. And the Catholic operates from premises entirely different from the Protestant. Catholicism is its church; it is the hierarchy forming the bulwark between man and God. Protestantism, on the other hand, is not premised on the immediacy of the church, but the immediacy of the Word. There is no nexus between man and God, for the Kingdom of God "dwells within." Man and God become fused in the mystical corporation of Christ's body. There is no bridge necessary, for there is no gulf. This Protestant conception of the Kingdom of God opens up a limitless vista, yet at the same time, as historically evidenced, it presents enormous difficulties.

In the first centuries, the ideals of Protestantism were relinquished for the practical method of massive organization. And in the 17th and 18th centuries, the ideals of Protestantism were relinquished for the "reasonable" method of the Enlightenment, the ideals of the Enlightenment finally becoming practical in the form of Communism. Present Protestantism is a hybrid, in that in theory it is committed to no organization other than that of the Body of Christ, yet in practice it seeks to compete on an organization level. Quasi-ecclesiasticism clearly points up the profound gash within Protestantism. The Catholic church operates organizationally, consistently and thoroughly. As does Communism. Each deals with the human element in readily-understood human terms.

The obvious course for Protestantism is that it ought to make up its mind. Either it should clearly return to its original premises, or it should quit making a mess of organizationalism by partial assent and go all-out for it. A clear-cut stand would help any number of Protestants, who keep thinking their religion is in competition with Catholicism, which it isn't, and with Communism, which it is. One hears all sorts of noise confusedly calling for greater organizationalism, larger church bodies, etc. One would gather that in the strength of its organizations lies the strength of Protestantism, even as it does in the case of Catholicism and Communism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The strength of Protestantism is not the strength of its organizations, but the strength of its faith. And faith is not subject to statistics, nor abetted by quasi-ecclesiasticism.

The question arises, If Catholicism operates on such sound psychological principles, by what

logic does Protestantism violate them and yet hope to achieve efficacy? Let this be made clear: Protestantism is *not* psychologically sound. It never intended to be. As a matter of fact, it never concerned itself with psychology at all. More accurately, it took a firm stand against the science, insisting that not man but God have His way in the matter, foolish as it might appear.

Consequently, Protestantism took the Holy Spirit seriously. It believed in the manifest reality of the Word. It made Justification immediate, and Sanctification, as a result, of all but equal importance with Justification. In understanding the Protestant position, these are fundamental.

Now whether one believes in the efficacy of this position, that is a matter of faith. On grounds other than that of faith, Protestantism is admittedly unsound. Compared with the organizational method, such as that of the Communist or Catholic organizations, the Protestant method is inexplicable and unrealistic.

But Protestantism must realize the basis for its position. It must carefully delimit for itself the framework which it has chosen, and then it must consistently effect its operations in reference to this framework. It must have faith. It must have faith that the Kingdom of Heaven, within the corporate heart of those believing, is a reality obviating organization as commonly defined and understood. It must have faith that individual freedom is possible because of the immediacy of the Word and of the Spirit. It must have faith to seek its strength not in organization but in its preaching, not in statistics but in the Spirit, not in quasi-ecclesiasticism but in the mysterious workings of God.

As regards Protestantism, what is needed is not a more adequate science of psychology, but a more consistent practice of Christianity as it itself has defined it.

# Letters From a Young Church

*By* WALTER RIESS

## The Burden of a Man

THIS morning I preached. For twenty-three minutes and some seconds the words flowed in a voice much accustomed to speaking in public, and at least half-trained in breath control and tone modulation.

The text was Isaiah 40, verses 1 and 2—"Comfort, comfort ye my people. . . ." There were almost 40 people in my chapel, and they sang quite well the better known songs in the Lutheran Hymnal: "Our God Our Help in Ages Past," "Sun of My Soul," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "Dear Christians One and All Rejoice."

Yet even before the service I felt unenthused and dull. It was, after all, only another hour of worship. Perhaps the hundredth such experience for me. What can you expect? Does a bricklayer get excited about every new stone? Or a lawyer about every next traffic case? And how can a minister set himself to a fiery pitch every Sunday at 11 A.M., to "preach as if to never preach again, and as a dying man to dying men"? Nice poetry, but. . . .

And I must confess, if this is to be honest, that I approached the service with a rather pessimistic attitude. Doubtless the 40 people who would come today would be the same 40 who were here last Sunday. The same babies would cry, and the same mothers would walk out with them in the middle of the sermon. And the same folks would crane their necks to see the leaving mothers with their yawping babies, and for a moment I would be alone in the lectern-pulpit (our church is not large enough for both).

Peter converted thousands in a day, preaching in the open streets. Nowadays the City Council would set you down firmly if you tried that. So, instead, as a sad compromise, you tend to your lectern each Sunday morning with less

prayer than you should have time for, and less spirit than God could give you. You are not as pressured as Peter was into reaching the strange heart, so you needn't fret about those who might judge your sermon unchallenging. Chances are that they will come back next Sunday, all 40, even if you speak like an icicle with a tongue today.

Hard thoughts? You used to deem them so—in the days when you attended church as a seminary student, free with your criticism to the point of being invariably unmoved. Now, when the students from Michigan U visit your service, you fear their bright, clean-shaven faces, their unemotional stares. You know what they are thinking: *This is tired preaching, this is worn style, this is book religion.*

But they do not know, those shining faces. They do not understand the weight of Sundays and the same pulpit. They do not feel the burden of the hundred identical times. Nor do they see what it is to live so long with your sermons and your news releases and your bulletins that the wise theories of college lose themselves in the center of the whirlwind. You have sat with the students once, and you can feel with them, but when you train their opinions upon yourself, you shiver with a sense of your own deep tragedy.

If you could snare them in a corner, talk to them down-to-earth, you would tell them that the main plan of your work has become not to preach potent sermons, not to write learned essays, but simply to keep on preaching —somehow, to continue saying what you know is true, although the words you use grow hackneyed, and the thoughts you portray are not high thoughts. If you could only tell them that mere *persistence* can make a lowering life worthwhile!

But they will not become so personal. They are still in the age of doubts and recipes. Let you keep your persistence, for they will have none of it. The flashing meteorite of their careers will sparkle, flame, rise, then—perhaps —sputter and sink into your own dismal channel of continuing, moving not up or down, but along.

You preach. That is all you can do. For one full hour this morning you pushed, urged, directed your Sunday School children in their songs and lessons. You tried so hard to get them to sing that you outdid yourself. Your throat rasps when you become forceful. Your shirt collar sticks to your neck, and your gown feels heavy in the sun which beams through the window to your Bible. So you preach more softly than usual, and more simply—telling the story of

the Naked and the Crucified as if you were a member of the Jerusalem County Examiners a week after Golgotha. You relate the meaning of your text, its references to the cross, and its applications to the people, and there is no doubt that you are right.

Maybe *that* is the trouble with you. Everything is so sure, so simple. If you could dig up a few complicated thoughts you could astound the college students. Or if you could indulge in some startling illustration, you might rescue the droll sermon for its droll objective—the simple, trusting, no-need-to-be-convinced soul. But you are content, by reason of your stuffy collar and hoarse throat, to tell your story.

So be it then. And God keep your hearers interested.

They are—amazingly so. Time and time again, in your past preaching, you have marveled at the patience of the people in the pew. What if you were in their place? Would you return again and again to hear the same man spend himself on the Gospel? You feel their attention welling up to you as a crisis unmet, a thrilling question with a forlorn answer.

Here is God, you tell them, here on Calvary. They listen. Here is a Savior, you say. They hear. Here is Comfort, you assert. They nod. And you pray God in that moment: Let me cry, HERE AM I! A WITNESS! But you cannot. You are ashamed. For if you are a witness, you dishonor the saints who have carried this same Christ into the Roman arena, into the trenches of all the wars of man and God. If *you* are afire with the Lord, you make the Pauls and the Johns and the Savonarolas and the Husses seem emotional rabble-rousers and pathological orators. For you are the capable type, the modern preacher with his educated vocabulary and his push-button missionary methods—mimeographs and recorders and marginal references and roll calls and a gift for every child who brings a child to Sunday School.

Your sermon is not a good job. By the time you finish you are happy to say Amen. And that, you realize, is not as it should be. Once, in fact, you definitely stated in your personal notes that you should strive to finish every pulpit half-hour with enough to go another hour more. That was when you still treated religion as a fountainhead of new ideas and ventures. Now you are content, and relieved, to complete 20 minutes of Gospel.

*Sic transit gloria.* . . . It is all right. The people before you do not know the dreams you once owned, nor the prayers you once prayed. They do not see you in the light of what you should be. They love you, and you love them.

And it is for their sakes, when you return to the sacristy, that you pray the most real prayer you have learned in your ministry.

*Father, forgive me, for I know not what I do.*

* * *

## We Win a Soul

IN A fine large church, they usually list the Baptisms for the day in pica type at the bottom of the second page, immediately preceding the Ladies' Aid Suppers and Walther League meetings. And generally church newspapers refuse to reserve a column for the sacrament, since in a city of any size the number of children weekly approaching the font is excessive.

In a smaller church we are not so crowded for space—either in our Sunday bulletins or news releases. We list our Baptisms on the top of the first page, only a half-inch beneath the title of the bulletin. Baptisms take the place we ordinarily reserve for the sermon text and hymns.

This procedure not only makes the parents and sponsors proud of the baby, but it gives us all the feeling that our chapel congregation is growing in size—a sort of opiate for our spirits.

Last Sunday, for example, we baptized a baby girl whose name is Pamela Ruth.

She was so tiny at birth that the doctor placed her into an incubator, and when they brought her to us she hadn't seemed to have grown much. She appeared quite a sad baby, and so small that her sponsor had to fear lest she slip through her arms.

When she was held over the font, she wriggled with an abundance of energy, her short thin legs kicking futilely under the white Baptism blanket.

We baptized her in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

And in our Sunday bulletin, far beneath the announcement of her Baptism, we typed a fond welcome to this new member of our church.

Afterwhile the parents thanked us for the Baptism, and our words, and we felt quite like a missionary. We had won a soul.

The incident wasn't the kind of thing to attract much attention. But we mulled over the Baptism in the sacristy and narthex for at least fifteen minutes.

Pamela Ruth was good for our mission church.

She proved to us we still had work to do here. No matter how many businessmen in the community had given us the *ave atque vale*. Nor how many abrupt citizens had eased their door shut before us during the week.

Sometimes, you know, mission churches have to raid heaven it-

self to acquire that prospect—and that member.

We intend to keep Pamela Ruth with us. By the time she is five we hope to teach her with the Flannelgraph in Sunday School, and we are sure that we shall hand her a confirmation certificate when she is thirteen. And probably—if she remains as lovable as she was last Sunday—we shall marry her at our altar.

She will grow up, live, wed, and die in the faith of our church.

We have a claim on her soul, through that momentary act on Sunday, and she is as vital and important to us as our building fund plus our mission drive plus our advertising campaign plus our offerings for the next ten years.

For Pamela Ruth embodies our prayers for the future of our church.

If we do not consider her a vital person among us, we have no right to go on praying, or being a church.

Our members understand that too, instinctively. You can see it on their faces when they gather around Pamela Ruth, as they did Sunday, clucking her under the chin as if she were *their* child.

That's one fact you must put down about our members: they may not know much about doctrine; but they know vividly the meaning of a child's soul.

More so, we believe, than many of the cultured church members in the cities.

Our people have spent their lives in a small community of farms and stores and factories. Nearly all of them have families of four or five, because the children here have plenty room in which to roam about.

The families of our church raise gardens and keep dogs. You cannot enter a single home in our membership without remarking about the extreme liveliness of the place.

Our people appreciate the significance of growth. And they know how to contribute to growth and life.

They love the tiny breaths of every living being around them. They do not grow impatient when a dog nips at their heels, nor when a child yowls in the living room.

Nor when Pamela Ruth starts cooing at the font.

And although we have started a children's nursery in the parsonage on Sunday mornings, our people still (though a bit embarrassedly) bring their babies to church.

The babies have broken up a good many of our more precise sermons, and once in a while we catch ourself scowling into the pews. But when we think the situation over we would hesitate to reprimand the parents for bringing our incipient preachers.

Because we are beginning to appreciate the meaning of life too—in the exact way in which our people understand life.

And we begin, also, to understand the first part of the baptismal sacrament.

We were supposed to know all about that years ago. But our people actually have taught us more than we learned at any school or from any book.

We do not wish to neglect any teacher, writer, or theologian. We merely desire to compliment the silent, deep, and colorful faith of the uneducated members of our chapel.

And we want to say that Pamela Ruth will always be known among us, simply because we are a small church, and because last Sunday we baptized her—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

* * *

## Beyond the Ministry

IT IS my lot to have done more than the usual amount of extraordinarily foolish things in my life. The most absurd, if I remember correctly, was to try reading Thomas Paine's "The Age of Reason" at a cottage on Saginaw Bay, with the giddy whitecaps and deep gray sky making every word of that essay appear amateur. Another (and almost equally absurd) mistake was the worry I spent over an occasional failure in my mission church.

Set-backs are inevitable, as any mission pastor knows. Last month three children, whom I blissfully had intended to baptize and confirm, left our Sunday School without a remark of explanation, and their departure brought me days of fretting and melancholia. At times like that I am so much "church-builder" that I am very little Christian, with the faith in the future that every Christian owns. So involved I become in the work of my church that I forget the Lord who rules the church. This is a nearly fatal mistake.

It is clear to me that a mission pastor must have a place away from the ministry where he can maintain himself as a Christian man, and nothing higher nor lower—some upper room where he may receive the very consolation which he proclaims to his people.

So, after a series of bouts with the terror of the sick call, the coldness of the missionary visit, I grow desperately hungry for a land apart, where I can whisper a petition as a soul whose only final interest is God. My need is not always easily satisfied. The parsonage may be the minister's home, but it remains nevertheless a segment of the church and its involvements.

Once in a great while, my wife

takes the situation in hand, packs a lunch, and we drive off to one of the numerous lakes near our town. Usually we are content to rest on the shore, or fish a bit, and on occasions swim. Then, in the evenings, while she starts to roast the wieners, I have opportunity to walk down to the water and enjoy a pure half-hour of meditation.

I have come away from such an experience with more than three sermons under my heart, and a good deal more faith in my Savior. And there I have lost, too, that fleshly over-concern for the success of my church.

It is not hard for me to understand why the Apostle Paul feared that he himself become a "castaway." Few Christians understand that their pastors live almost totally *without* a church. In the past four months, I have been able to attend Holy Communion only once, that at pastoral conference. I have only sporadic opportunity to worship during church services, since I have to do the preaching and the reading. The faith I have in my Lord Jesus is strengthened in the main by the week-day communion I enjoy with Him.

That is why I must be alone at times. After an evening of solitude I can return to the tension of soul-striving with a sense of dependency upon God. I am more relaxed when I visit my sick, and more at peace when I touch a stranger. The pall of failure is lifted, and my church becomes more *God's* church to me than the fruition of my own busy efforts.

This is a necessary resurrection for me. And if my conscience suddenly should accuse me when I am in prayer instead of work, I take heart in the certainty that if God build not my church, I labor in vain who build it.

The most beautiful part of all this is the fact that my members understand. They encourage me to take an occasional hour away from the parish, and I am grateful. Only one thing I will not do. I shall never, if God keeps my health, miss an opportunity to use my pulpit.

It seems to me that the most vital contribution I can possibly make to my church is my preaching. The sermons will sooner or later take their measure, that I believe—almost to a fault. I have gambled my years on that trust. And I cannot lessen the results by failing to employ the full promise of the pulpit.

But even Sunday words must emanate from my evening conversations with the Christ of Golgotha. And in the end everything I do in the church will have to issue from the quiet, clean room beyond the ministry, beyond the noise of the world, at the peaceful brink of the eternal.

# Where Are Our Playwrights?

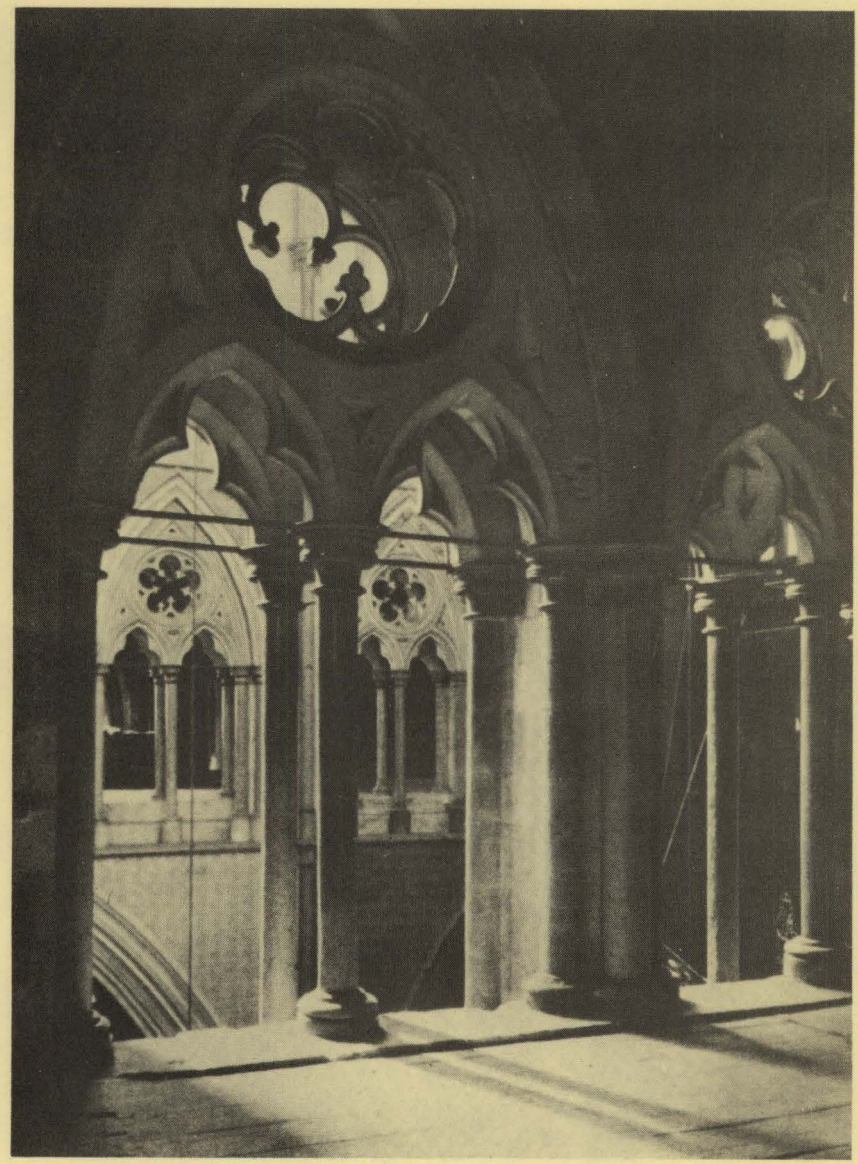
*By* WALTER SORELL

ANOTHER season on Broadway is about to begin and it seems somewhat more promising than the one we have just buried. At least two of our best dramatists, Thornton Wilder and Robert E. Sherwood, make our hearts more hopeful—and yet, I remember, last year I said the same about Maxwell Anderson and Elmer Rice who so bitterly disappointed us. We also look forward to seeing Robert Nathan's first play, Truman Capote's and Joseph Kramm's second entries—and yet (let us point at this sore spot) these writers are primarily novelists and Joseph Kramm's new play (Kramm is from the theatre) is based on a novel. Are we living in the age of the novel? It is, to say the least, puzzling that the more "impressive" plays of last season were based on novels: *I am a Camera, Point of No Return, Seventeen, Jane, The Grass Harp* and *Gigi.* This only goes to illustrate one of the many ills of our theatre.

At no time could there have been a more dramatic era than ours, none that demands dramatists who dare picture our plights and hopes, and there has never been any time so devoid of a theatre reflecting life (which, after all, is the theatre's task) than ours. Is this, too, one of the many indictments of our time? Have we lost the courage to say what we think, to present a problem for discussion? The theatre is supposed to be a "moral institution" where man can experience the catharsis of his own problems, cleanse his feelings and clear his thoughts. If the theatre fails to be the expression of its time, it simply fails. Period. Then it becomes little more than a hall of entertainment where the common experience of the public is at best a cheap laughter or a "pleasantly spent" evening.

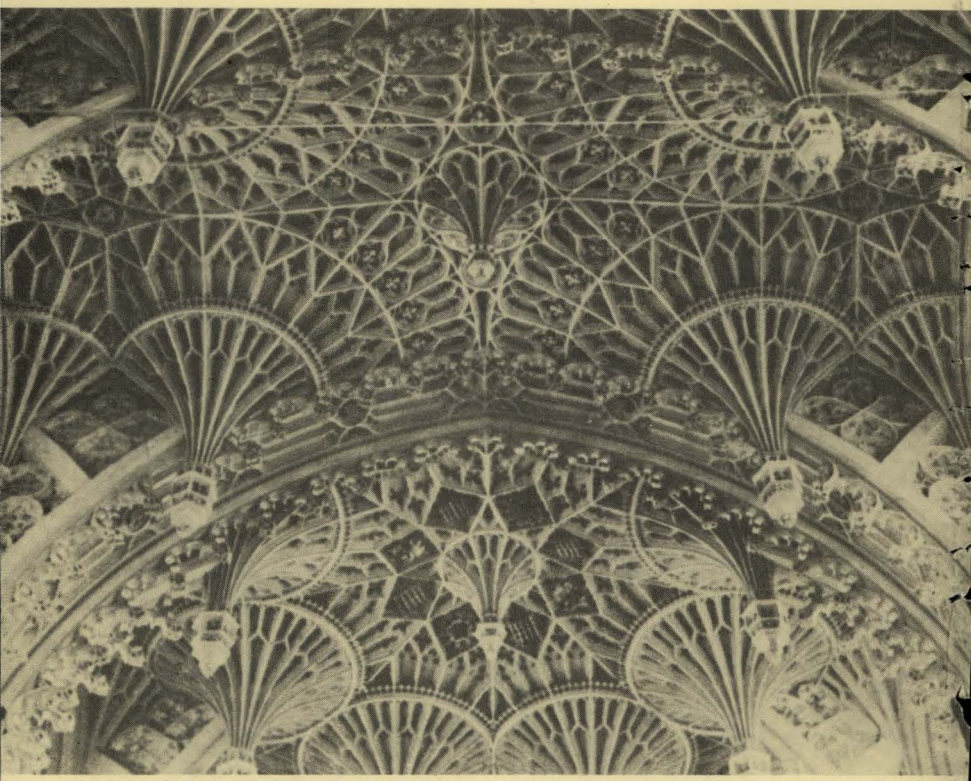
But theatre has to move, to stir, to excite, to challenge. It is wrong to underestimate the play-going

WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Nave looking East, as prepared for the Coronation 1937



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
The Triforium

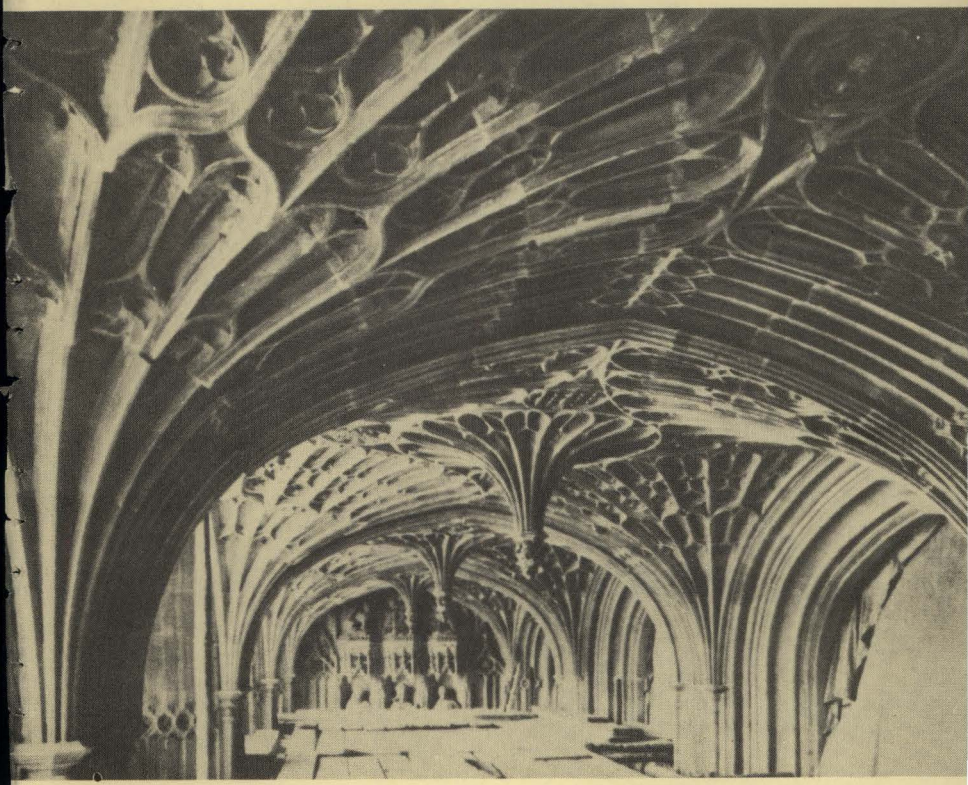
WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Boss, man torn by lions. Mid thirteenth century
North aisle of the nave



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Henry VII's Chapel. Fan Vaulting

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

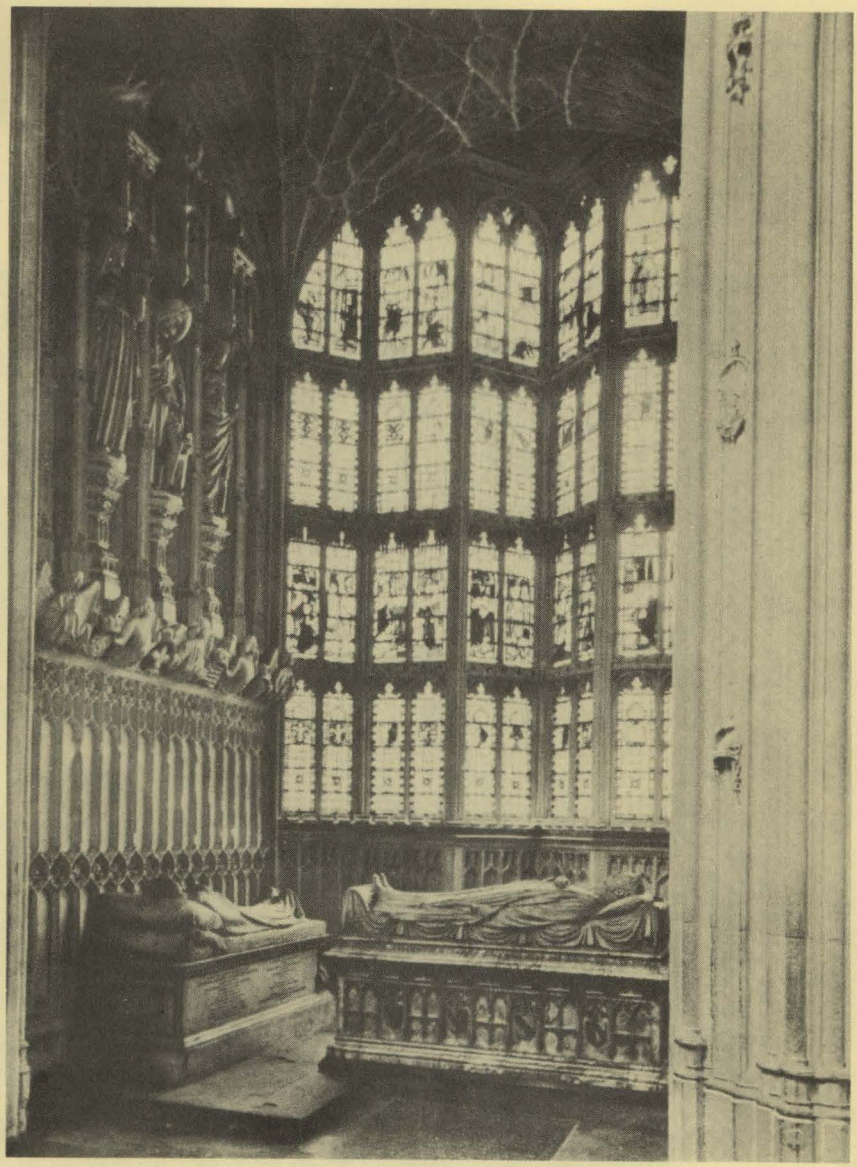
Henry VII's Chapel. Fan Vaulting. North Aisle



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Boss. Annunciation. Mid thirteenth century. North transept

WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Boss, combat between man and lion centaur
Mid thirteenth century. Muniment Room



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Henry VII's Chapel. South-East Apsidal Chapel
before war damage to modern glass

public which is serious minded and discerning if it gets a chance to show its judgment. Or has it been kept on a meagre fare for too long a time and lost its taste? Or, as some of the dramatists claim, has the power of the critic become so omnipotent that his yes or no decides the fate of a play? (But how could he if the public had not experienced too many failures and learned to rely on his judgment rather than risk the cost of two dinners for one show?) Since 1946 it has happened more than once that the hurt dramatist cried out loud in his pain against the critic. Maxwell Anderson, after unfavorable reviews of his *Truckline Cafe,* said of the critics that they were made up of incompetents and irresponsibles "who bring to the theatre nothing but their own hopelessness, recklessness and despair." And he maintained that the public is far better qualified to judge a dramatic work than any critic. Elia Kazan, Harold Clurman (a reviewer himself) and others supported Anderson in his accusations. The gifted Irwin Shaw felt the critics' whip too and hit back with phrases like "their judicial and Olympian dicta . . . their unwillingness to learn their trade . . . their bewildering critical standards which impel them to salute greatness and trash with the same hysteria and dismiss talent and incompetence with the same spitefulness. . . ." In May (the time of the unofficial closing of the season when the critics' apparently unavoidable injustice is topped by their distribution of prizes) the New York chapter of ANTA sponsored a panel discussion at which the French critic Leo Sauvage of *Figaro* was present. He came to the assistance of the dramatists by rebuking the commercialism of Broadway and by taking the American dramatic critics to task for their shameful neglect of the non-commercial theatre. He claimed that the French critics make no distinctions and cover anything that has a chance of being good and try to judge it on its own merits.

To put, however, the blame on the critics—or on the lethargy of the public—alone is unfair. Examples can be cited where the critic has gone beyond the demarcation lines of The Great White Way; so he discovered a great actress (Geraldine Page) and a good director (José Quintero) in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* at the Circle-in-the-Square theatre in Greenwich Village this season (certainly an off-Broadway production with almost no means if there ever was any). And the enthusiasm of the public has surely been louder than the praise of the reviewers for Mary Chase's newest and most whimsical fan-

tasy *Mrs. McThing* which is full of poetic ideas and would have deserved the Pulitzer prize (which instead went to Joseph Kramm's *The Shrike*—which, though it is good theatre, lives mainly on its melodramatic effect).

Well, who is then to be blamed, blamed for so many colorless seasons, for a theatre that is drained of its lifeblood and remains without pith when it comes to theme and problem? Undoubtedly not alone the haphazard system of backing shows, a system that turned Broadway over to the gamblers and sweepstake sharks. How very few are willing to bet on a dark horse—in this case, the young writers and experimental shows! True, a severe handicap. But still—

The critic has always been for the playwright a symbolic Herr Professor ever ready to whip him for his mistakes; the taste of the public has, no doubt, remained an incalculable factor with which every artist in every medium must figure. And the wary and weary angel who would like best to read the reviews in the morning papers first before putting up his money is not a new phenomenon and can hardly be blamed for his attitude. Theatre consists primarily of the spoken word, and last season's greatest success, Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell,* spoken on an empty stage by four actors, has only proved this point. It is the playwright who creates theatre.

In the Twenties and Thirties, American theatre experienced a long-waited-for renaissance. It gave the world a great dramatist, Eugene O'Neill; it gave the American public good plays in which the playwright came to grips with the problems of his time. It fought against the follies of war *(What Price Glory?),* it stated its idealism, attacked what were then called reactionary forces, rallied to the support of what was then meant as democracy *(Winterset, Waiting for Lefty, Idiot's Delight);* it welcomed the Negro actor and the Negro playwright to the American stage *(Native Son* with Canada Lee, *Green Pastures);* in short, the theatre did hold a mirror up to its time, it dared to speak its mind, no matter how we may appraise the artistic merits of some of these plays nowadays.

Today—maybe because of the general confusion of mind—the playwright is confused. The Second World War did not bring forth a second *What Price Glory?* On the contrary, Irwin Shaw withdrew from circulation his pacifistic play *Bury the Dead,* written in 1936, "to avoid misunderstandings." No clear cut anti-Communistic play was written except Kingsley's adaptation of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon.* The overwhelming number of novels

rewritten for the stage is symptomatic of the fear of the playwright to interpret the great issues of the day and give us the drama of our time. Within the last six or seven years only two examples of provocative themes were seen on the stage: Arthur Laurents' *Home of the Brave,* a drama of racial tensions which led to the psychopathological condition of the hero, and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman,* a tragedy that cries out against the overpublicized American dream of "success" and exposes the danger when materialistic values are accepted as inherent.

Are the writers afraid that anything critical of our society would be construed as unpatriotic, notwithstanding the fact that sincere criticism can only stem from ardent love of your people? This impediment makes playwriting difficult, but it should, on the other hand, inspire our dramatists to creations outlasting the day or the season for which they were written. The playwright must not confuse propaganda with themes which are rooted in his fellowmen's problems and which are sound, ethical, philosophical, satirical. We don't want any straight propaganda on the stage; we have outlived the propaganda play as it was done in the Thirties. The artist must leave this to the newspapers and politicians. Luckily, no Comrade *Komissar* can dictate the American writer what and how he must write. And no Congressional Committee should endeavor to do so, not even by implication—because this may mean the death of art. But we must not forget that great and strongly problematic plays were written on censorable subjects even under the Czar (Chekov, Gogol) and Beaumarchais' *The Marriage of Figaro* indicted the French aristocracy under the *ancien regime.* Nor did Ibsen or Shaw write propaganda plays, but there is hardly one of their plays that would not deal with vital problems of mankind.

Rosamond Gilder once remarked in the Theatre Arts that a "certain middle-aged caution has descended on our theatre." This complacent attitude is the only real danger for our theatre. The last few seasons have proved this deadly caution. The dramatist must become young again. He must not want to write a hit, nor quickly look for the best selling novel of the year to turn it into a play. He must write that play again of which he has always dreamt that one day he would sit down and write it. Then the age of the great play will be with us again.

# Letter From Xanadu, Nebraska

**Dear Brother:**

OUR mutual friend, G. G., finds himself involved in a disagreement with the Bureau of Internal Revenue over some statements which he made on his 1952 tax return and since the matter is occupying his attention to the exclusion of all else, he has asked me to write his monthly letter to you. Be assured that I am very happy to do so because his letters have been somewhat disturbing to me and it is my hope that I may be able to clarify a few misconceptions which some of your readers may have acquired respecting our little community and its church from reading Brother G.'s letters.

I would not wish to seem uncharitable in any remarks that I might make respecting Brother G. He is an extremely hard worker and, I believe, sincerely interested in the welfare of his church and community. Unfortunately, as you can not have failed to gather, he is not too bright. In my brief ministry, it has been my privilege to know perhaps a score of men who were born with silver spoons in their mouths. Brother G. is the first person I have met who was so obviously born with his foot in his mouth.

This is a very nice little community that we have here. It is almost 100% native-born white American with perhaps half a dozen Polish families and a couple of Greek families and two or three Italian families. But even these people have been here for two or three generations so they are practically as American as the rest of us. As a matter of fact, some of their young people have even come occasionally as guests of our Jugendverein.

As for our church, I think that I can say that it reflects the spirit of our community. We have tried to keep pace with progress without forsaking the ways of our fathers. I know that our people have been criticized for exclusivism and for over-emphasizing our particular racial and cultural heritage. But with all of the different churches we have in our country I don't see why we should feel obligated to allow a lot of outsiders to come in and change the complexion of our congregation. There will always be difficulties and misunder-

standings even among a homogeneous group of people. To bring in people from another national or cultural background is just to magnify the problem of misunderstandings within the membership. Certainly in our confused and troubled world of the middle of the twentieth century one's church ought to be a haven of rest and peace, not a battleground where all sorts of persons of dissimilar characteristics and backgrounds are constantly disagreeing among themselves.

True, we have our differences of opinion (although I fear that G. G. grossly over-exaggerated the matter of the statues for the proposed chapel). But it still seems to me that two of the most accurate ways to gauge the spirituality of a congregation is by its attendance at divine services and by its contributions, and on both of these scores St. Swithin's is remarkably healthy. My people would no more miss Sunday services than they would miss their Saturday evening shopping on Main Street. Some of the young fathers in my congregation are sitting today in the same pews their great-grandfathers sat in seventy-five years ago. (And if I may inject a slightly humorous note, some of them fall asleep at the same point in the sermon as their great-grandfathers did.)

So, as you can see, we are a far cry from the broiling, roistering congregation that one might suspect us to be from some of G. G.'s remarks. Indeed I have often wondered why you should have chosen such a quiet, altogether ordinary congregation as ours to report on. Much as I like Xanadu and happy as I am in my pastorate at St. Swithin's, I would be the first to admit that the only extraordinary thing about the town or the church is their complete ordinariness.

When I first came here, I will admit, I found things rather slow. Like a lot of men fresh out of seminary, I was all for changing the world, reforming the church, and generally raising heck. So I can sympathize with the young men who are going out now with the same ideas. But I do not regret, in my own case, that the raging fires of youth have settled down to the mellow glow of my more mature years. There is no doubt a place for the firebrand, but I like to feel that there is also a place for "the man who keeps things going." And despite whatever impressions G. G. may have given your readers concerning us, pastor and people at St. Swithin's are content to hold fast what we have, to hand on to our children what we received from our fathers.

Fraternally,
REV. E. ZEITGEIST

# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

## *Music and Business*

*By* WALTER A. HANSEN

Everyone will agree with the statement that music is an art. But thorough-going analysis shows us beyond doubt that in large measure it is a business as well as an art.

Is it sacrilegious to speak of the tonal art as a business? By no means.

Think of what would have happened to music long ago if it had never been a business.

Musicians must make a living. At all events, they should try to do so. Sometimes they make a good living. In that case they are good businessmen. Sometimes they do not make a good living. In that case they are poor businessmen—poor, at times, in both senses of the word.

The world in which we live is constituted in such a way that if you divorce music from good business or from poor business, you hamstring it as an art. This, I believe, is a truism.

Would the great masterpieces from the pen of Johann Sebastian Bach have come into being if there had been no business whatever in connection with the mighty composer's career?

Bach had to eat. So did his large family. He needed a salary. In addition, he had to depend to some extent on perquisites.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that a wealthy man had said to Bach: "Mr. Bach, I want to free you completely from the necessity of making a living. I will support you and your family. Go ahead and compose to your heart's content. Stop worrying about lodging, clothes, and groceries. Come to me whenever you need money. Or, better still, I shall give you, automatically and regularly, all the money you need —even more than you need."

If anybody ever made such an offer to the great Bach, history,

for one reason or another, has failed to record it.

But even if someone had done so and Bach had accepted, music would not, and could not, have been completely dissociated from business in the master's life and work.

After all, business has many forms, shapes, and colors. The very act of becoming the beneficiary of a patron is a kind of business. More often than not it involves obligations.

Why am I putting all these self-evident truths on paper? Because I have read and heard so often that in our age music has become a business and that this state of affairs is strangling music as an art.

How could music exist and flourish as it should if it were not connected, in one way or another, with business? Much of it would wither on the vine.

The fact that there are thousands of amateurs and dilettantes in the world and that such persons do much for the tonal art does not in any way disprove my statement. Can anyone deny that the amateurs and the dilettantes, by reason of their devotion and their encouragement, emphasize and even necessitate the many and far-sweeping business aspects of the tonal art. Does not the business in which they are engaged and by which they live *enable* them to be amateurs and dilettantes?

**Look at the Movies**

The movies have grown into a mighty industry. They make money. They lose money. They hire. They fire. They advertise. They feel the pulse of the public.

Some will argue that this has prevented the commercialized motion picture from becoming an art in the true sense of the word.

But although innumerable movies represent art in a manner that is tragically debased, it often happens that they produce art of an exceedingly high type.

I believe that *High Noon,* starring Gary Cooper, is a picture exemplifying cinema artistry at its best. Would it have been possible to produce a masterpiece of this kind if the art of the motion picture were completely divorced from business? No. In this case, as in many others, business has rendered a significant and indisputable service to art.

I wonder whether such masterpieces as Bach's *St. John Passion* and his *St. Matthew Passion* would have come into being if the great composer had been subsidized by a wealthy man and had not, either because of the desire for a job or because of the job itself, written these masterpieces as what the Germans call *Ge-*

*brauchsmusik,* that is to say, music made to be used for special purposes and special occasions.

Would Bach have created his wonderful cantatas if he had not had a church position—a position which entailed certain business obligations?

Some might argue that the great master might have produced compositions far greater if, by reason of someone's generosity, he had been relieved completely of the necessity of making a living. Maybe they are right. Maybe they are wrong. At all events, the elimination of the necessity of earning a livelihood can easily lead to indolence.

Even if Bach had never been forced to be concerned about the bread and butter of today and tomorrow, the business of his benefactor would have had much to do with his career as a composer. It is, of course, entirely possible that in such a case the master might have been under the obligation of writing *Gebrauchsmusik* altogether different from that which is exemplified in, let us say, his *St. Matthew Passion* and his church cantatas. Who knows? It is conceivable that a benefactor could have been ever harder to get along with than some of the fault-finders and stuffed shirts in the congregations at Leipzig.

Anyone acquainted with the ups and downs in the life of Georg Frideric Handel knows that circumstances made it necessary for the composer of *Messiah* and many other masterpieces to be a businessman.

Even Franz Schubert, one of the greatest melodists the world has ever seen, felt the impact of business in his art. He died in poverty, it is true; but he, too, had to use music for the purpose of making a living of a sort. And after his death business did much to popularize his works and to make the world at large aware of their abiding greatness.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, another composer endowed with fabulous ability, was buried in a pauper's grave. Yet Mozart could not, and did not, dissociate his art from business. Yes, he like Schubert, happened to be what one commonly calls a poor businessman; but, as indicated before, the business which long ago attached itself to music is sometimes good and sometimes bad. Nevertheless, it is there.

For many years Joseph Haydn was a glorified flunkey at the Esterházy court. This, too, was a form of business. It was Haydn's business to compose music that would give pleasure to his employers and to their friends. Had he failed too often to do so, he would have been fired. Haydn was another composer of *Gebrauchsmusik.*

Ludwig van Beethoven was a kind of Abraham Lincoln in music. He was a stalwart and highly successful emancipator. One may speak of him as a free lance composer. But free lances are professionals. They sell their services and their wares. They are men of business.

Richard Strauss, with the aid of his wife Pauline, was one of music's most astute and successful businessmen. It seems completely logical to assume that such works as *Der Rosenkavalier, Elektra,* and *Salome* would never have emerged from his brain had he and Pauline not envisaged them as a means of turning many a pretty penny.

Some composers need only an inner urge to prod them into creative work. Others require an incentive of one kind or another. But music, whether produced because of an inner urge or because of an incentive, cannot become widely known unless it has the aid of publication and public presentation.

### The Role of Money

I know a composer who has written an opera—an opera which has never been mounted. In all probability, an inner urge prompted him to write that opera. But did he dismiss from his mind every thought of the business of presentation? I do not think so.

I know a composer who has written a mass. Now masses, as you undoubtedly understand, are notoriously poor money-makers. Nevertheless, the composer of that mass wrote with the thought of publication and performance in mind. Did this business aspect prevent him from doing his best? I do not think so.

Sometimes publishers demand changes here and there in a composer's work before they consent to spend money for printing and advertising. Many composers acquiesce at once. They realize that publishers are supposed to know infinitely better than they just what would, or could, stand in the way of marketability. Sometimes composers bristle up in indignation at the mere suggestion of a change and say no with all the emphasis at their command. They declare that they do not want such a prosaic and cold-blooded thing as business to mar or emasculate what they have put on paper. In either case, business comes into the picture.

Music critics know how eagerly composers long for favorable reviews. Conductors and concert artists could tell you many a tale about the bombarding, the flattering, and the wheedling on the part of some of the men and women who compose music—or of relatives and friends of those men and women.

Let us consider another aspect of the business of music.

Here, let us say, is a composer who has written an opera which has been accepted for performance by an important—or unimportant—opera company. Does the story end at this point? Not at all. The composer himself—or his relatives, friends, or benefactors—must go to the expense of providing score and parts. There are other things to be paid for. The opera company cannot mount the work if it has no cash or credit at its disposal. If, after the presentation, the work proves to be a failure—a box-office failure—it is a failure in the matter of *business* and, at times, a failure in the matter of art. If it turns out to be a box-office success, it is a success in the matter or business and, at times, in the matter of art. If, because of success, a publisher desires to print and advertise the work, that again is business.

I know, of course, that failure as art does not necessarily mean failure as business and that failure as business does not necessarily mean failure as art. The world is full of puzzles and paradoxes.

If the conductor of a symphony orchestra decides to give a performance of an unpublished work, he must have the score and the parts of that work. Now it costs money to prepare a score and parts. Whose money? As a rule, the composer's—or cash provided by relatives or friends. The composer may be invited to conduct the work, and this may get him a fee. But I wonder if, in many cases, the fee would be as large as the outlay for score and parts.

Music, you see, must become known if it is to perform its proper function in the world. One does not make it known without the expenditure of cold cash.

The teaching of music is a profession. And a profession is a business.

Even if a musician believes wholeheartedly and unalterably in art for art's sake, he cannot fail—in one way or another—to come into some contact with the cold business aspects of his art.

The type of music which is commonly spoken of as jazz is inextricably intertwined with business. I agree in part with Artie Shaw's statement that in this field "market-place values dominate to such an extent that musical ones finally cease to exist." But I cannot concur in the conclusion that market-place values invariably and ineluctably tend to stifle all music as an art. The great classics have market-place values. So do many compositions of little or no worth. Concert-giving, publication, recording, radio presentations, and television performances have, and must have, some market-place values. Naturally, there can

be violent differences of opinion as to the intrinsic and *actual* value of this or that market-place value; but one cannot argue away the truism that music is, and must be, deeply indebted to business.

Consequently, I begin to see red whenever, in the course of human events, I hear or read the remark that business is bound to stifle the tonal art. I venture to suspect that this statement came from the lips of some men and women thousands of years ago. It was just as false in those times as it is today. Music cannot live unless it is studied, practiced, and fostered by human beings—and by some birds and animals. And human beings—must either make or get a living. The fact that business sometimes prostitutes art is no valid argument against what I have written.

## The Thin Doll

I had read of people "en masse,"
Of nations,
And submarginal areas
With "blocs" for populations.

Hunger was a shaded section,
A graph, a map,
And nothing likely to sit like a thin doll
On a man's lap—

Until it came—and sat,
While my world grew
And was peopled with the characters
Of men I knew . . .

People are not "masses," or colored squares,
Or black or yellow "races."
People are single men with anxious eyes—
And separate faces.

DONALD MANKER

# RECENT RECORDINGS

HENRY PURCELL. *Dido and Aeneas.* Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with members of the Mermaid Theatre Company, London, under Geraint Jones.—This is one of the British His Master's Voice recordings now being released in our country through RCA Victor. Purcell was a great master. The aria *When I Am Laid in Earth,* with its poignant *basso ostinato,* is one of the most moving outpourings in the entire domain of opera. Flagstad and her associates in this production sing with superb artistry, the orchestra plays with exemplary skill, and the singing of the chorus is exceptionally fine. Geraint Jones is an able conductor. He understands the magical power inherent in proper accentuation. A libretto comes with the recording. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WHMV-1007.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Concerto No. 23, in A Major, for Piano and Orchestra (K. 488).* CESAR FRANCK. *Symphonic Variations, for Piano and Orchestra.* Walter Gieseking, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan.—Masterful performances. Gieseking is a great pianist, and Karajan, the forty-three-year-old Austrian conductor, has outstanding ability. Norman Demuth, one of Franck's biographers, believes that the composer "must have been on the top of the world" when he wrote the *Symphonic Variations.* 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4536.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No. 4, in G Major, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 58.* Walter Gieseking, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan.—Another proof of Gieseking's sterling artistry as well as of the extraordinary ability of Karajan. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4535.

LOU SINGER. *Wing-Ding.* HAYMAN-FIEDLER. *No Strings Attached.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—This is fun. 45 rpm. RCA Victor 49-3890.

NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF. *Scheherezade: Symphonic Suite, Op. 35.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—A stunning performance of a composition which must be numbered among the great marvels of orchestral writing. 33-1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50009.

# The New Books

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

*Unsigned reviews are by the Editors*

## GENERAL

### DU PONT
### The Autobiography of an American Enterprise

Distributed by Scribners. $5.00.

THE E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company of Wilmington, Delaware, a modern giant (100,000 employees, $1,500,000,000 operating investment, $45,000,000 annual research fund) in the business world, in celebration of its 150th year of continued operation has published its own autobiography. It is not an attempt to produce a complete or full-length history—a project of some magnitude—but it is rather a short (138 pages) collection of photographs, illustrations, sketches, maps, and color plates showing the development of the enterprise and the various members of the Du Pont family who have contributed much to the growth of the company.

Twelve chapters cover the history from the founding in 1802 to the outlook in 1952 with ten chapters covering ten significant developments within these dates. Within each chapter every two pages (on an average) are tied together with textual material explaining or further illustrating the photographs or drawings. The work is technically perfect from the selection of the paper and binding and type through to the reproductions in color. The text is well-written and the entire book can be studied carefully in about three hours.

The Du Pont Company set out quite plainly to bring a history of itself (the neuter gender seems preferable since no author or writing credits are given. The Foreword says, "This is a book without an author. . . .") to the public as an example of American enterprise. It also sets out to emphasize a point of view. It does both very well. Its point of view is that bigness is not necessarily evil, that the Anti-Trust laws in this country have not always been founded on a realistic point of view, and that the secret of America's progress has been individual initiative which is in danger of being curbed by a program of high taxation. This is a respectable point of view but one with which all

persons are not in agreement. It is clearly presented, without any apologies, by a company sometimes referred to as a "merchant of death" (particularly during the Nye Committee hearings on munition making in the early Thirties), but a company which has offered many, many significant technological contributions to this country. Contributions made possible by its largeness and its technical "know-how." It is frank enough to admit, in some cases, that its contributions may be for better or for worse (it specifically mentions automobiles, ice-cubes, movies, cellophane wrappings, and sheer hosiery as items in which it has had a hand), but it would be difficult to deny that its war-time contributions were for the worse in view of the world situation in 1939-1945. Or that its present contributions in the field of atomic energy are contributions for the worse in view of the current world situation.

## GOD, MAN AND STATE: GREEK CONCEPTS

By Kathleen Freeman. Beacon Press. $3.25.

THIS book presents, in non-technical and highly readable language, what the Greeks said about five fundamental matters with which we are still very much preoccupied today: God, Man, Society, Education, and Law. Under each of these headings Miss Freeman records the pertinent testimony of some Greek jurists and poets but especially of the Greek philosophers. Her treatments of the pre-Socratics are perhaps the best in the book, both because this period in Greek intellectual history is still too unfamiliar to most of us and because it is in this area that Miss Freeman speaks as one of the outstanding authorities among English-speaking scholars.

Still this book is by no means exclusively for scholars. For one thing, some experts may choose to carp about the facility with which Miss Freeman generalizes (cf. page 109) or with which she fills in, speculatively, where the extant documents are silent—privileges to which she is certainly entitled in a semi-popular book of this kind. For another thing, any intelligent reader, expert or layman, will want to confront this material, less for antiquarian than for contemporary appeal. And so appealing it is, it can be finished in two or three sittings. In case this book is not easily available any respectable drugstore or bus-depot will have Miss Freeman's paper-bound, pocket-size and equally good *The Greek Way*.

## THEATRE DICTIONARY

By Wilfred Granville. Philosophical Library. $5.00.

IN THE *Theatre Dictionary* Wilfred Granville has assembled a vast number of technical, colloquial, and slang expressions used in every branch of theatre art in the United States and also in England. As the title suggests, the book is an excellent reference volume for American and British terms in drama, opera, and ballet. Its primary appeal seems to be to people whose profession is the theatre. For example, we find a word

such as *hamartia* defined in an interesting and scholarly manner:

*hamartia.* The element in a tragic character that causes his misfortune. The Greek meaning is error or sin, and Aristotle held that it was this moral flaw in the character that made the ideal tragic hero: "a man . . . whose misfortune is brought upon him not by vice or depravity but by some error (hamartia)" *(Poetics 11.)*

There are defined many technical terms, such as *flogger* (a canvas strip tied to a pole for dusting flats before painting); and words unfamiliar here but colloquial in England.

But the book is far more than a handbook of words and phrases used by actors, musicians, dancers, directors, and stage managers. Though it is highly informative to professional people, its appeal is to a wide range of readers by virtue of its ability to entertain the reader as it instructs him. VERA T. HAHN

## HUGH WALPOLE

By Rupert Hart-Davis. Macmillan. $5.00.

HUGH WALPOLE (1884-1941), the prolific English novelist and short-story writer ("The Cathedral," "The Herries Chronicle," "Jeremy," "Judith Paris"), is the subject of this extremely fine biography by Mr. Hart-Davis. Walpole's books have always been extremely popular in England and in this country which he often visited as lecturer and screen writer.

Mr. Hart-Davis has had an opportunity to examine Walpole's diary and journals as well as letters both from him and to him, and to talk with Walpole's many friends. In addition, he has been able to draw on his own personal recollections as a friend during the last ten years of the writer's life. From all of this he has drawn an extremely fascinating portrait filled in with quotations from many letters (both to and from him) and from the journals. The reader can examine what Walpole had to say on a variety of subjects as well as what a large number of people had to say to Walpole.

Mr. Hart-Davis' treatment of Walpole is objective yet sympathetic. He attempts no evaluation of his writing and passes no judgments on him. He encourages the reader (by this lack) to make the final determination of Walpole both as a writer and as a man. He explores points of strength and of weakness. It has already been said elsewhere that this is undoubtedly the finest biography of the half-century.

What makes this biography so fascinating is the fantastically exciting life that Walpole lived. Some idea of its ramifications can almost be gained by noting the people that Walpole did not know in addition to the ones that he did know. He apparently came on the scene too late to know Oscar Wilde although he knew Lord Alfred Douglas, George Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Conan Doyle, Arnold Bennett, E. M. Forster, Ford Maddox Hueffer (Ford), Francis Brett Young, John Galsworthy Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton He must have missed C. S. Lewis somewhere down the line although

he knew T. S. Eliot, Rebecca West, J. B. Priestley, John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir), St. John Ervine, Alfred Noyes, P. G. Wodehouse, Frank Swinnerton, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Compton Mackenzie, John Drinkwater, Jo Davidson, A. E. Housman, D. H. Lawrence, T. E. Lawrence, Edith and Osbert Sitwell, Virginia Woolf, Rudyard Kipling, W. Somerset Maugham, Vita Sackville West, Katherine Mansfield, and H. G. Wells.

In the political field he must have somehow missed Mussolini and Stalin although he knew Churchill, Chamberlain, Beaverbrook, Duff Cooper, Queen Mary, Adolf Hitler, and Lloyd George. In the United States he must have overlooked Franklin Roosevelt and John Steinbeck although he knew Gene Tunney, Richard Boleslawsky, Joseph Hergesheimer, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, Thornton Wilder, James Branch Cabell, William Randolph Hearst, Charlie Chaplin, Robert Frost, Father Coughlin, David Selznick, Carl Van Vechten, Sinclair Lewis, George H. Doran, Katherine Hepburn, George Cukor, Ellen Glasgow, Lauritz Melchior, Jean Hersholt, and H. L. Mencken.

The passage of all these people alone into and out of Walpole's life together with his reflections on them and, in some cases, theirs on him, can not help but make a fascinating account.

Walpole's love for his work both as a writer and lecturer, his fascination with the social life and his inability to stay out of it for any length of time, the speed and ease with which he wrote, his fits of temper and depression, his unceasing generosity to a younger generation of writers and artists, his tiffs with critics and reviewers, his pleasure in art, his deep affection for his family, his amazing friendships, and his great zest for living all come through so vividly from the pages of this book.

It would be difficult to find a more suitable person to write a biography about than Hugh Walpole. It would be difficult to find a more suitable biographer for Walpole than Rupert Hart-Davis.

## SKID ROW

By Murray Morgan. Viking.

THIS is the story of Seattle, "grown from a gold-rush town with gaudy and boisterous tastes into a major industrial community, respected and self-respecting." It is also the story of the great Northwest where scenery is sometimes a substitute for culture. It is the story of "people who tried and failed and of some who achieved success without becoming respectable, of the life that centered on the mills and the wharves. That is Seattle from the bottom up."

## ONE OF THE FIFTEEN MILLION

By Nicholas Prychodko. Little, Brown. $3.00.

THERE has been, over the past decade, a fairly steady flow of books by persons who have been prisoners of and in Russia until today it is very likely that a large segment of the American people have some idea of the workings of the police system in that country, the

"trials," the "confessions," the slave labor camps, and the constant and merciless killings.

These accounts have mostly been concerned with such large numbers of persons that it is sometimes difficult to take a personal interest or to visualize it as anything other than a mass of statistics (horrible as they may be) about masses of people in a faraway country. The title of this account indicates the large number of persons concerned—"Fifteen Million"—and that many people suffering together unjustly is almost beyond comprehension. The significance of this particular version lies in the word "One" in the title for it is an account of what happened to one person who fell afoul the Soviets. It was a grim experience and that Mr. Prychodko lived through it and escaped the country is itself an illustration of the role that luck plays in the Soviet system. He has told of his experiences well and simply. He has reduced the horror to the size where it can be comprehended.

Accounts of this sort do a great service to the reading public in this country for by making the whole crude system of justice in Soviet Russia real and personal he points out the dangers that lie ahead for a country that is not eternally vigilant to protect its freedoms.

## THE GREAT GOD PAN

By Robert Payne. Hermitage House. $3.75.

HARDLY any other actor in the world has become so well known all over the globe as Charlie Chaplin. With his small bowler hat, the immense trousers, the out-turned boots, the indispensable cane and his inimitable art he conquered the world. He conquered it with the help of the then relatively new medium of the celluloid. But not with mere laughter, nor with clowning which must always remain limited in its effect. That he caught the imagination of man on a world-wide scale and was so well understood by the blasé art connoisseur in the biggest cities as well as by the Chinese coolie, becomes only explainable through the fact that Chaplin created a marginal character in Charlie, the tramp, one who was so very much a part of modern society and yet remained standing outside, in fact, in juxtaposition and always in conflict to it. A Don Quixotic figure, not living in a world of dreams, but in this very reality of ours, fighting it, but standing by it; making us laugh about our own follies, lashing out against our apparently purposeful blindness, but never leaving us without a hopeful goodbye by walking off into the world where there must be safety, security and happiness even for him, the outsider.

Much has been said about Chaplin. Mack Sennett, under whom Chaplin made his first steps on the screen, called him "simply the greatest actor who has ever lived." And W. C. Fields who, as one of his strongest competitors, must be believed when he said that he is "the greatest ballet dancer who ever lived." But there is much more to Chaplin than any of the most superlative epithets can describe. His appearance and enthusiastic reception by the world

must have been the answer to a deep felt need, and Robert Payne explores this theme in his brilliant book "The Great God Pan," in which he shows that Chaplin created in Charlie an archetype of our time which has already become as legendary as Don Juan or Faust. In his last chapter, "Portrait of the Moralist," he says:

> The dancing figure of Charlie represents a human . . . quest. He has no desire for conquests. His desire is for freedom in a trammelled world. He is the virgin spirit of liberty who refuses to be oppressed, refuses to talk in mock profundities, refuses to concern himself with the origin of the universe, or with anything except the practical things of the moment, *l'homme moyen sensuel* raised to the pitch of perfection, desiring above all that the world should provide him with sleep, rest, food and amusement, bewildered by machines, and still more bewildered by himself, by the fact that a man is a man. He is the least dangerous of the great archetypes, the most human, the most incorrigibly concerned with things as they are. His characteristics are a terrible enthusiasm and an odd mania for laughing at the world's incongruities, and in his own capricious way he is determined, like Cinderella, that the last should be first, but he goes further, for with the crook of his bamboo cane or a jab in the eye he ensures that the guilty are condemned.

"The Great God Pan" is not a biography of Chaplin. It is a book on Charlie (with and without the mask of the tramp), "half god, half man, and always vagabond, brother to St. Francis and the moon, the loveliest thing that ever graced the screen." Although Robert Payne speaks of nothing and nobody else but Charlie, he follows the traces of this immortal figure through all the ages and countries of the world. As if seen through an imaginary kaleidoscope, Charlie appears before our eyes in all his incarnations and reincarnations of which the god Pan is his great ancestor. In these pages the spirit of the unforgettable clowns is conjured up in an attempt to show their close relationship with Charlie whose growing development is then unfolded with searching love and penetrating analysis. In a "Note on the Author" the publisher states that Mr. Payne is a versatile and prolific writer who, at the age of forty, has forty-five books to his credit. This one on Charlie would have sufficed to establish him as an excellent writer, erudite and entertaining at the same time. WALTER SORELL

## SOUTH OF FREEDOM

By Carl T. Rowan. Knopf.

MR. ROWAN, a reporter for a Minneapolis newspaper, is a Tennessee-born Negro. Recently he decided to see first-hand what changes, if any, have taken place in the South in the short time since he left it as a young man. The description of his 6,000 mile journey through the South is a vicarious sight-seeing tour of that area of the country where large segments of the population are undernourished, inadequately housed and poorly educated. It is a story of Negroes resigned to living half-free because they never have known anything else, fearful of insisting upon their rights lest the result be bodily harm or death. It is also a story of their struggle for equality, of battles

won through the efforts of heroic men, white and black, fought in the face of almost overwhelming odds and at immeasurable cost.

The book is not an inflammatory sermon. It is a reporter's factual account of what American citizens are forced to endure after nine decades of "emancipation." Though at times the author finds it difficult to hide his bitterness, the dirty railroad coaches, the bug-infested hotels and indescribably filthy restaurants, the fear, frustration and humiliation, the Jim Crowism from maternity ward to cemetery plot are dispassionately yet forcefully described. His objectivity is evident when he places the blame for the deplorable situation not only on white hate-mongering but also on the apathy, fear and selfishness of members of his own race. When he places the Byrneses and the Talmadges on one side of the scale and the Judge Warings, the students of the University of Oklahoma, and the simple kindly acts of little men on the other, he feels that good is overcoming evil, that there is hope for a new South. But when foreign Negroes are allowed to eat in restaurants whose doors are closed to *American* Negroes, the road to freedom still is long and tortuous.

## FICTION

### PLAYER PIANO

By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Scribners. $3.00.

PERIODICALLY a writer comes along and as a theme for a novel projects his imagination into the future. George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* published a couple of years ago, was of this type and achieved a great deal of attention from the critics and reading public. Mr. Vonnegut has selected the same theme, but has set its locale in the United States at a time roughly ten years after the Second Industrial Revolution.

Now Mr. Orwell's vision made for a very depressing book. Mr. Vonnegut's vision, on the other hand, although it doesn't paint on the surface the same deadly existence under the eye of a Big Brother, is even more depressing. It is more depressing because it is easy to find indications that a drift has already set in that could well result in an age such as he envisions.

The general pattern of life as he visualizes it is that the Electronic Age is on us. All things in the commercial world (and there is little outside of this world) are controlled automatically by electronic devices, and the only two classes of persons needed to operate this system are engineers and managers. The political structure or government of the country is a very secondary matter, and the office of President of the United States is reduced to a secondary role under that of the National Industrial, Commercial, Communications, Foodstuffs, and Resources Director who centers his activity in Pittsburgh.

Almost all of the important decisions are made by machines and only a handful of men is needed to make the few decisions that the machines can not make. This leaves

the remainder of the people in the country (apparently about 98%) with nothing in particular to do. The choice is either the Army (maintained only to supply something to do since permanent peace has been secured) or the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps (a glorified W.P.A.). Standards of living for this mass of people are not low as a result of this. They are, in fact, very high (much higher than at present) but very, very regimented. Machines tell this bulk of the people how much of any given product they can buy. In this way a predetermined amount of their earnings goes back into the productive system which in turn is heavily taxed (it is still privately owned) to pay the Army and the R. and R. Corps so that those in it can in turn buy the products of the system, etc. This is the basic change as Mr. Vonnegut sees it. Free speech, freedom of worship, the right to vote, and the other concomitants of life as we know them in 1952 continue to exist. The only real change is that there is simply nothing to do.

What seems particularly depressing about this vision is that it strips the individual of his sense of importance and of his personal dignity. There is no choice left to him. Whether a child will or will not be educated and for what purposes depends entirely on the decisions of the machines after the results of various aptitude and intelligence tests are fed into the machines. There is no appeal from a decision of no further education. The highest achievement is to be sent to college to study to be an engineer or a manager. For those who do not satisfy the requirements of the machines (and this is the great bulk of the people) there is nothing but make-work and boredom.

It is this particular aspect of the Electronic Age which worries Dr. Paul Proteus, the manager of one of the largest automatic plants, and Mr. Vonnegut's chief protagonist. His increasing dissatisfaction with the system, his wife's reaction to his lack of enthusiasm for what is to her a perfectly ideal arrangement, his determination to do something, and the action that he and some colleagues take to attempt to destroy the system form the bulk of the novel. The final resolution of the conflict between Dr. Proteus and his "individualists" and the "system" forms an intensely interesting and extremely depressing climax.

## RICKEY

By Charles Calitri. Scribners. $2.75.

THIS is a novel—almost a psychological study—about a fifteen-year-old, Rickey Talbot, who kills a small three-year-old child, and of his ultimate trial and acquittal. The story is concerned with Rickey's adjustment to what he has done and what is happening to him, and to his relations with his parents who do not understand him. A psychiatrist helps Rickey to unravel the threads and ultimately face what he has done.

Mr. Calitri's novel is rather well written and he maintains a certain suspense by withholding the details of the crime until the very end when Rickey can face them and recall them

to his own horror. As a psychological study of adolescence it may have considerable merit, but as a novel it falls short of the mark. The motivation which impelled Rickey seems somewhat thin as though it might have been borrowed from a text on adolescence. The characters do not seem quite real (Rickey and his parents, for example) and in some cases (the police captain and newspaper reporter, for example) they are rather too obvious.

## COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

Random House. $4.75.

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S ultimate position in the American literary scene remains to be decided. His novels ("Sanctuary," "Intruder in the Dust," "The Wild Palms") are still subjects of controversy, but his mastery of the short story can hardly be questioned at this time. Some of Faulkner's short stories that have appeared in book form have been out of print for a long time. Some of his stories have appeared in magazines and have never been obtainable in book form. Random House has collected forty-two of these stories and arranged them in one volume for release at this time. These stories were written over a twenty-year period from 1930 to 1950, and although most of them have their locale in the south that has become peculiarly "Faulkner's south," one section of the collection is devoted to the stories that he wrote out of his experiences as a flyer in the first World War.

Faulkner's mastery in the field of the short story stems from an ability to give to his characters a feeling of reality (grim as it may be in some cases), and from an ability to create atmosphere. Particularly is this true with respect to the stories about the south. "Dry September" and "A Rose for Emily" are particularly good examples of his ability to do both at the same time. This is true also of "Turnabout," an exceptionally well-told story of the first war. His sense of humor, perhaps somewhat perverse, is well illustrated in "Centaur in Brass." His compassion for and understanding of the little people who live in his south are best appreciated in two stories that tie together—"Two Soldiers," and "Shall Not Perish."

This volume offers not only a practically complete collection of Faulkner's stories, but also an opportunity to study the author in his many different facets. It is perhaps unfortunate that the stories were not arranged in the order in which they were written to afford an opportunity to study his development in this field. As it is, they are arranged somewhat arbitrarily into classifications. Some of these classifications do not seem especially suitable to all the stories within them.

## ISLAND RESCUE

### Appointment With Venus

By Jerrard Tickell. Doubleday. $2.75.

A DELIGHTFUL and imaginative story of the rescue, by a detail from the British Army, of a valuable pedigreed Guernsey cow (Venus) out from under the German Army occupying one of the Channel Islands

in the early years of the second World War. What makes Venus so valuable is a flawless pedigree and an unborn calf by a bull of equally flawless pedigree who was later accidentally killed by a land mine. The progeny is anxiously awaited as the beginning of a great new breeding line. The occupying Germans have plans for Venus and her hoped-for son in the Reich, but her rescue puts her and her bull calf (whose birth slowed down the rescue) safe in England. The story is told with charm and humor and a wonderful atmosphere of suspense.

### THE SILVER CHALICE

By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday.

MR. COSTAIN has combined some facts and many conjectures about the early Christians in this story of the cup of the Last Supper. His central figure is Basil, a young artisan of Antioch, discovered by Luke and hired by Joseph of Arimathea to design a silver chalice to hold the plain one used by Christ. He marries Joseph's granddaughter and travels from Jerusalem to Antioch, Ephesus and Rome in order to see the apostles whose likenesses are to appear on the chalice. At the same time he tries to regain his lost inheritance. Except for some superb settings, as in the case of Nero's court, the book rarely rises above being just another Biblical novel. Most of the characters are so lifeless and the action so slow that the reader finally becomes more interested in a swift conclusion of the proceedings than in the fate of the chalice.

CARLENE BARTELT

## RELIGION

### WHAT AM I SAYING?

By Lily M. Gyldenvand. Augsburg. $.75.

MISS GYLDENVAND feels that reciting the Apostles' Creed frequently becomes a mere formality in the minds and hearts of believers. She feels that the fuller meaning of the faith as set out in the Creed can be achieved only by more thoughtfulness while speaking the Creed. Undoubtedly she is correct.

*What Am I Saying?* divides the Apostles' Creed into its different natural segments and discusses the meaning connected with each statement of the Creed. Through illustrations and explanations the author tries to give a better understanding of the meaning of the statements of the Creed.

*What Am I Saying?* does not go deeply into the various doctrines of the Creed, but it serves a purpose in setting down simply a greater meaning connected with each statement of the Creed which may be forgotten by many Christians.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

# *The* READING ROOM

*By* VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

## The Anselmites?

HEY, HOFFMANN, O. P. wants to see you!" This word was passed down to me by a chain reaction of whispers one bright and sunny morning several falls ago as my wife and I were about to leave a front pew after church services. When boss man number one wants to see you on a quiet Sunday morning and can't wait to catch you at the church door, things are really hot on the griddle. "I'd like to have you speak for me this evening at an Anselm Forum Camp Rally. I've been detained!" His final word consisted of an admonition "to be nice to the Anselmites. They are good people."

Wondering what sort of a John Alden-Miles Standish affair this might be, I went but not because I felt any obligation to the Anselmites. After all, we sign contracts every spring at this University. As a matter of fact, I did not know what I was walking into. Anselmites? In no way did the mention of the name recall anything to my mind. I had but a slight bookish acquaintance with "the Italian saint who was Archbishop of Canterbury in 1093" from whom the group took its name. At six that evening, a friend and I arrived at the camp site. A large group of assorted human beings greeted us warmly and graciously: Negroes, Jews, Irish, Norwegians; Catholics, Lutherans, Protestants, and non-denominationals; psychiatrists, government workers, professors, lawyers, and a whole host of other etc.'s.

My first thought: the president of the university has sent me to talk to a bunch of do-gooders, a bunch of silk-gloved reformers without much sense of direction. In our less generous moments, some of my friends and I have referred to such people as persons with lots of sail but no rudders. These people are accustomed to getting together now and then to pray and play together in the exploitation of a lot of sentimental "wishy-washiness." Every once in a while, someone will jump up and say, "Aren't we humans having a lot of fun to-

gether?" "These guys get together," I thought, "once every year to put some zip into brotherhood week. They have probably organized all year for this one week end of zip. They've probably spent so much time organizing human beings they've forgotten all about humanity!" I felt certain that this was the sort of treatment my friend and I were about to get. Furthermore, I thought, they're the type to have a few embryonic reporters around who would convey via the proper columns the news that some nice people were getting together in the interests of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. In the columns, it would then be difficult to tell who was God and who, Man! I'd much rather go to a Conference for the Damning of the Whole Human Race. At least, a sort of honesty would prevail.

## Surprise

We got the surprise of our young lives. The first surprise: I really didn't deliver a speech. All of us got together in a "drag-down and drag-out, tooth-and-nail" conversation until almost midnight. Nor was the session one of these polite donnybrooks. People disagreed quietly with one another without a show of malice, hatred, and intolerance. I had become so accustomed to theological disputations where the Book of Love was hurled about like a guided missile that I had almost forgotten that some men of conviction and principle can disagree without becoming downright nasty.

Since this first meeting, the Anselmites and I have become good friends. I'd go out of my way to help them carry out their objectives. I like their objectives which take them out of the "zipper" and "brotherhooder" class and which, it appears, were best and simply stated in an issue of The Coronet (November, 1949): "Anselmites are concerned with everything that makes men resentful of each other. Their thirteen panel discussion groups composed of five members each cheerfully go into the country side to talk over world peace with farmers, or turn up at club meetings to argue better human relations." They are beginning to gain respect for these objectives in Gary (Indiana) and surrounding territory, a microcosm of the world's tensions where many people are resentful of one another and where experts in human relations are the crying need of every hour. Some of the dirtiest politicians in Gary (and that's pretty dirty) grudgingly and hesitatingly admit a wee bit of admiration and considerable fear of the Anselmites. Nor are they headline seekers. Aside from a few ar-

ticles here and there in the leading magazines, the Anselmites have done their work effectively and quietly behind the scenes of the major social problems and their accompanying controversies.

## Their History

ALL of this started about twenty years ago. "It had a modest beginning, back in the depression year of 1932, when eight young laymen, active in their respective churches or synagogues, fell into the habit of meeting together to share their ideas and experiences in working out problems of human relations. Community tensions were particularly numerous just then; it was very easy to blame someone else or some other group for what was wrong with society. As time went on, the men invited others to join them." (*The Christian Century,* February 16, 1949.) What actually took place in the course of these years is that a group of people of diverse backgrounds under the pressure of social problems and a common love for humanity have "discovered a way to utilize their diverse backgrounds to enrich each other's lives."

These men of diverse backgrounds came together for various specific reasons as well. A few had lost their souls and their love for humanity in the institutionalized church. "Still others, attracted by an opportunity to put into practice what they had heard preached from pulpits, asked to be admitted." Still others, it seemed, wanted to find quiet inspiration by working and living together with people of other creeds, races, and religions. Anselmites themselves sometimes confess to being "ordinary young men restless over the inactivity of our churches in practical living . . . trying to be decent in the field of human relations." A late professor of mine used to call this all-absorbing love for human beings a divine restlessness.

## Their Work

THE Anselmites were the first to realize that their talk was cheap and their love to mankind does not come in words alone. Words pay off only in action. Each member of the Anselm Forum is a "leavening agent," piping the objectives, purposes, and action of the Forum back into his community and back into the other groups and organizations to which each might belong. *The Christian Century* (February 16, 1949) reported "the part one member, a Lutheran steelworker, played in getting his parish to accept into membership a young Chinese laundryman and, later, a Nisei couple." On its tenth birthday,

Anselm began annual meetings and discussions at the Indiana State Penitentiary. The panels rove over the country with penetrating discussions of every important problem of the twentieth century. By pamphleteering and radio programs, the Anselmites prod the collective and individual consciences of Gary and Gary takes heed. They have gone into library and film activity. Their books and films are offered free of charge to any interested group or person. (*The Film Counselor,* February, 1950.) The comment of a school boy about these films is typical: "Say, that picture makes you think . . . I guess we shouldn't hate people." This anti-hate propaganda has been spread by the means of Anselm branches in East Chicago, at Purdue University, and to Women's Auxiliaries.

## Education in Little Places

THE Anselmites are trying to get at the little places of the community. Our politicians would say that they are trying to teach and help the common man, that they are trying "to fire the grass roots." When thoughts such as these are being expressed, a chapter in *The College and the Community* ("Education in Little Places") keeps haunting me. In this chapter, author Baker Brownell of Northwestern University maintains that "the little places, the primary groups of people, the families, villages, small communities are the matrix of human values."

According to Brownell, college professors are notably weak in their ability to communicate to students and to the community. They tend to surround themselves with the insularity of false dignity and a false academic holiness. When caught in this weakness, we college professors are accustomed to say, "What in heaven's name is happening to our American system of secondary education?" If the educators in question are even amateur psychologists, they can trace the failure of the student and the community to comprehend to poor toilet training. When professors do become serious about communicating to people, they often come in the attitude of "carrying culture to the 'sticks,'" with the idea of "bringing the blessings of urban life to the hinterland," or in the sense of an academic God carrying the lights of truth to a poor benighted folk who have lost some of their marbles.

If we as journalists and educators persist in this dim view of the American folk, we will never "awaken the potentialities of the little place." "The educator may go on his mission, but that does not guarantee its accomplishment.

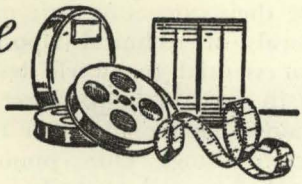
More than often he fails to find the community, for its quality and being may be to him nothing. He cannot minister to it when he makes no contact." Ideas cannot be made relevant to a something unknown and not understood. It's about time that academic communities excommunicate pseudo-sophisticates who are always *imposing* culture, or pseudo-scholars who communicate *only* to other scholars.

## The Quotable Brownell

MUCH can be done to bring the human community more definitely into the focus of even general education. The anemia of our colleges living on bloodless, borrowed cultures is not necessary. The tight 'in-groups' of professors talking only to each other, advancing their careers in little precious spirals of technical riposte, are not essential. In a world desperately in need of help, more of our trained men might well turn to better things. Our communities need the service of the college. The college also gravely needs the community . . . education in little places is more than stones and courses. It is a philosophy and conviction of sin. It involves a vision of new techniques and instruments, and a respect for the little place. It is a love of human beings in their communities, and a belief above all in their importance."

More important in the long run than parish surveys, religious statistics, or curriculum studies is the clarification of the Church's witness in a world that is becoming steadily more involved in a revolution the end of which no man can see. F. ERNEST JOHNSON

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

# *The*  *Motion Picture*

*By* ANNE HANSEN

THE name Disney has become a household word in many parts of the world. Walt Disney pictures have brought beauty, joy, and moments of release and forgetfulness to the people of many lands.

We know, of course, that the creator of Mickey Mouse is a pioneer in the use of the animated cartoon and that he has made important contributions to the technical development and the artistic growth of the cartoon film. But Mr. Disney is much more than a skilled craftsman and technician. In *The Art of the Motion Picture* Jules Benoit-Levy declares:

> Walt Disney is a great poet. For years, his films have delighted millions and have imbedded themselves deep in the heart of man, who is ever eager to escape momentarily from reality. Through the magic of his art, Walt Disney has made this escape possible.

Some time ago the Disney Studios embarked on a new and ambitious project—a project which takes us, not out of this world into realms of fantasy, but directly to the very heart of nature. Of this venture Mr. Disney says:

> In all my years of picture making, no new undertaking has been more venturesome but at the same time more rewarding from my own personal standpoint than the launching of our *True-Life Adventure Series* of nature films.

Those of you who have seen *Seal Island, Beaver Valley, Nature's Half-Acre, The Olympic Elk,* and the recent release *Water Birds* (RKO-Radio, Walt Disney) will agree, I am sure, that these truly magnificent nature films are as fascinating as they are instructive. Each of these spectacular factual pictures bears this foreword:

> This is one of a series of *True-Life Adventures,* presenting strange facts about the world we live in. In making these films, Nature is the dramatist. There are no fictitious situations or characters.

Mr. Disney adds, "And, so far, no human beings appear in the pictures."

Time, patience, and painstaking care are necessary for the production of the *True-Life Adventures.* Some of these three-reel featurettes have been more than a year in the making. Material for the pictures is gathered through extensive research. Those entrusted with the task of filming bird and animal life in natural settings must be scientists and naturalists—as well as expert and reliable photographers. Later, in the studio, the exposed footage must be assembled in continuity. When necessary, it must be clarified by narrative. Finally it must be complemented with appropriate music.

The results—so far, at least—fully justify the investment of time, energy, and money. If there are youngsters in your home, take them to see the Disney *True-Life Adventure Series.* If not, take yourself. These glimpses into the matchless pattern of God's creation will be a rewarding experience.

Another innovation from the Disney Studios may be seen in our theaters at the present time. This is *The Story of Robin Hood* (RKO-Radio, Walt Disney), the first Disney film to be made with a cast of live players. This, too, is excellent entertainment for children. I must add that it is equally enjoyable for adults. The legendary story of the dashing outlaw of Sherwood Forest is told in a lively, amiable fashion. Scenes depicting the cruelties and the harsh injustices of twelfth-century civilization are brief and are used only when necessary to the development of the plot. Incidentally, Mr. Disney, in an attempt to shield children from objectionable movie fare, has insisted that *The Story of Robin Hood* must not be paired with lurid or sensational films on double-feature bills. Others who merit special commendation for the making of *The Story of Robin Hood* are Ken Annaken, the director; Guy Green, the camera man; and Perce Pearce, the producer.

In *Prejudices: Second Series* Henry L. Mencken declares:

> Character in decay is the theme of the great bulk of superior fiction. One has it in Dostoievsky, in Balzac, in Hardy, in Conrad, in Flaubert, in Turgeneff, in Goethe, in Sudermann, in Bennett, and, to come home, in Dreiser.

An outstanding study of what Mencken terms "character in decay" is to be found in Theodore Dreiser's trail-blazing first novel, *Sister Carrie.* In George Hurstwood we have an unforgettable characterization of a man who is completely destroyed because of his infatuation for a woman.

Sir Laurence Olivier portrays the unfortunate Hurstwood in Paramount's screen version of *Sister Carrie.* Unfortunately, the film, titled *Carrie* and directed by William Wyler, lacks the power and the impact of the novel. Dreiser builds slowly and powerfully to a telling climax. In the film events move rapidly to a commonplace ending. Furthermore, there are major changes in the story line. Carrie Meeber, as played by Jennifer Jones, is not the bewildered, pathetic, and reluctant country girl delineated by Dreiser in the early chapters of his controversial novel. Nor is she the hard, self-seeking, and successful Carrie of the closing chapters of the book. Instead, she is shallow, conventionally sweet, pretty, and pleasure-seeking—and, alas, a "push-over" for the blandishments of a salesman.

Although Olivier displays artistry of a high order in the role of Hurstwood, he is hampered to such an extent by weaknesses in the movie script that the character does not consistently take on flesh-and-blood stature. Miriam Hopkins and Eddie Albert are excellent in important supporting roles. The entire cast is above average, and the authentic turn-of-the-century décor is fascinating.

I know that many movie-goers have grown weary of the standard western thriller. But I am happy to report that *High Noon* (United Artists, Fred Zinnemann) does not fall into this category. *High Noon* is a fine picture. It tells the story of three drama-laden hours in the life of a little western town. Here, on a small stage, we see the never ending struggle between law and lawlessness. Four ruthless desperadoes threaten to murder the U.S. Marshall (Gary Cooper) and then to take over the town. Technically, the marshall's term has ended. He can save himself by leaving at once. But this he cannot do, even though his decision to remain at his post alienates his Quaker bride. In vain he seeks help from his fellow-townsmen. Moved by fear, cowardice, personal animosity, selfish motives, or indifference, the cowed citizens refuse to take a stand on the side of the law. At last the marshall stands alone against seemingly hopeless odds. Suspense and chilling fear develop and grow as, step by step and minute by minute, this taut drama moves to an overwhelming climax.

There are many reasons for the excellence of *High Noon:* Dimitri Tiomkin's effective musical score; Producer Stanley Kramer's fresh approach to screen drama; Carl Foreman's eloquent, suspenseful screenplay; Fred Zinnemann's superb direction; and superior acting by a well-chosen cast. You will want to see *High Noon.*

Another noteworthy western

film is *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* (20th Century-Fox). Although the screen version does not adhere strictly to the original Bret Harte story, it does give us a vivid picture of a pioneer town caught up in the frenzy and violence of the gold-rush period.

*The Story of Will Rogers* (Warners, Michael Curtiz) is unusual for two reasons: (1) the film—based on *Uncle Clem's Boy,* by the late Mrs. Will Rogers—actually presents an honest, factual account of the life of the well-loved cowboy humorist and philosopher, and (2) the producers wisely cast Will Rogers, Jr. in the role of his famous father instead of engaging a topflight glamor boy.

Will Rogers, Sr. made a special place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen. It seems to me that Americans everywhere will enjoy hearing again the familiar Rogers wisecracks, delivered, incidentally, with almost carbon-copy fidelity by Will, Jr. Jane Wyman is appealing as Mrs. Will, and Eddie Cantor plays himself with his customary verve and vigor.

Is there anyone anywhere who has not seen a stage or screen presentation of that old war horse, *Charley's Aunt?* Ray Bolger appears in a sparkling new technicolor musical version titled *Where's Charley?* (Warners).

*The World in His Arms* (Universal-International) co-stars Gregory Peck and Ann Blythe in a riproaring adaptation of Rex Beach's swashbuckling tale, *The Boston Man.*

About a year ago newspapers carried an amusing story about a young GI and his pet. Now the pet happened to be a lion, and Army regulations do not contain a provision for the care and feeding of lions. The real-life story of Private Floyd Humeston and his pet forms the basis of *Fearless Fagan* (M-G-M, Stanley Donen). This is fun.

Bathos alternating with outbursts of oldtime tunes. This is a capsule review of *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie* (20th Century-Fox). Boo! Hoo!

# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

WITH this issue, we complete the fifteenth year of THE CRESSET. Perhaps this would be the time to say a few suitable things to mark an occasion which is, after all, fairly unusual in the magazine world. But Vol. XV, No. 11, will not be officially out of the way until the last subscriber has received his copy and the last indignant letter to the editor has found its way to our office. We shall, therefore, save our self-congratulatory comments until next month at which time, in addition to the usual "Whence-have-we-come-and-whither-are-we-going" articles we shall reprint some of the best that we have run in our 165 issues to date.

Sometimes this magazine almost seems to be self-operating. Certainly it got very little editorial supervision this month. The managing editor was on his vacation during a considerable part of the month and the editor divided his time about equally between visiting the maternity ward at Porter Memorial Hospital and folding diapers. For the sake of the record, the youngest Kretzmann is another boy, name of Stephen Paul, born a few minutes after high noon of the twentieth century.

When the going was rough, subscription-wise, last year, we did not hesitate to take our readers into our confidence and ask their help in building up our subscription list. We are now happy to be able to report gratifying success along two lines. In the first place, the board of directors of Valparaiso University voted, last July, to accept THE CRESSET as an official publication of the university and to back it with moral and financial support. This vote of confidence has had a tremendous effect upon the morale of all of us. The second encouraging development of recent months has been a surprising upsurge of subscriptions. Between last summer and this past summer, subscriptions have risen by 44 per cent. We know that at least some of these additional subscriptions resulted from the efforts of our readers. For such confidence, also, we are sincerely grateful.

Note for fore-sighted people: THE CRESSET, at three dollars a year, makes an inexpensive and continuing Christmas present for the person who is not easily satisfied.